

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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Mare and Corporation

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, will you tell us what course
 (All along, out along, down along lea)
 You took to develop the thews of a horse,
 Like Carnera, Goliath, Eugene Sandow, Gog and Magog,
 Paul Bunyan, Asar Thor,
 And Popeye the Sailor and all, and Popeye the Sailor and all.

My mare, you remember, so lately deceased,
 (By the terms of her will I'm the sole legatee)
 Was in several respects a remarkable beast,
 Like Bucephalus, Prince Regent, Hrimfaxi, Copenhagen,
 Black Beauty, Brown Bess,
 (Eohippus was rather too small, Eohippus was rather too small.)

Although, being horse, she could not herself sing,
 A prop of the opera nightly was she,
 For she carried the diva through most of The Ring,
 And Tannhäuser, Don Juan, Leonora, Traviata, Trovatore, Pagliacci,
 And old Uncle Siegfried and all, and old Uncle Siegfried and all.

She died ; and to carry the vast prima-donna
 (Seventeen stone) now devolved upon me.
 "Bring Guinness !" I cried, "or Tom Pearce is a gonner !
 Not zibbib, nor arrak, nor toddy, nor metheglin, nor date-beer, nor tedj
 Bring Guinness or nothing at all ! Bring Guinness or nothing at all."

The dame was amazed by her spirited mount,
 And ever since then I'm a strong devotee
 Of Guinness, whose virtues are quite without count,
 And for goodness, and richness, body-building,
 Frame-filling, muscle-making, good health,
 A Guinness is good for us all, a Guinness is good for us all.



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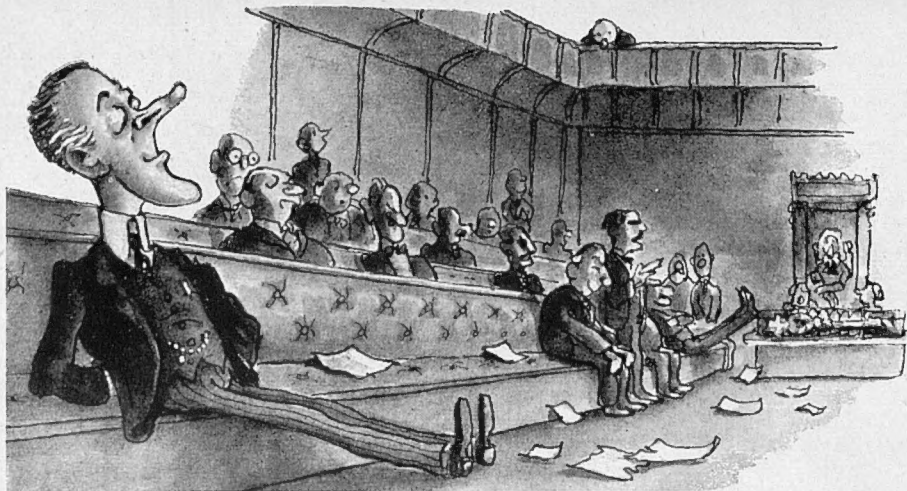
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Dorothy Wilding

LADY CAROLINE THYNNE

Lady Caroline Thynne, only daughter of the sixth Marquess of Bath and the Marchioness of Bath, is nineteen and one of this year's loveliest debutantes. Her parents are giving a coming-out dance for her in London later in the summer. She is now working as a librarian in a London hospital



Decorations by Wysard

Sean Fielding

Portraits in Print

THE Case of Mr. Selden's Fingers has at last been brought to the notice of honourable, gallant and learned members of the House of Commons. This is a matter upon which all concerned may be congratulated—particularly Mr. Wilson Harris, who is not only an M.P. (Independent, Cambridge U.) but the editor of *The Spectator*, a journal which may claim to be the (half?) brother of THE TATLER, since Steele and Addison were the joint fathers of both.

Mr. Harris recently asked the Minister of Works, "Whether he will take steps to repair the fingers of the statue of Mr. Selden in St. Stephen's Hall?" and was told, "Yes, Sir. This statue, in common with others which have suffered damage, will be repaired as soon as possible." To this Mr. Harris rejoined, "Is the Minister aware of the pleasure his reply will give to many sensitive minds?"

We need pursue this aspect of the affair no further, but were better employed to refresh our minds as to Mr. Selden who was tall in person, having a thin, oval face, a nose long and inclining to one side and eyes which were grey, full and prominent. It was he who said of the state of holy wedlock:

Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in Aesop were extremely wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.

Seeing that Mr. Selden gained a wife whose social position was superior to his own by main reason of his accomplished playing of the fiddle, we are entitled to hum and haw somewhat over this piece of wisdom. Did *she* leap into the well of matrimony, or did *he*?

No Courtier

HOWEVER that may be, there is no doubt that the old gentleman was an impressive fellow and figure. The seventeenth century was rich in great lawyers, but few could take precedence over this village-born (Salvington, Sussex, December 16, 1584) jurist, legal antiquary and oriental scholar, who died in his seventieth year saying, "I do not know what to do with my fortune, for the only

relative I have is a milk-maid—and she wouldn't know what to do with it."

In the contests between the Stuarts and their parliaments he was constantly referred to for advice, and this he gave without fear or favour. James I, in 1621, flung him into the Tower for counselling the Commons to resist his will, and in 1629 Charles I followed suit for the same reason. Selden's motto was "Liberty above all," and neither the tyranny of the crown nor the applause of the people could make him swerve from his persistent integrity. Few now disturb his written works, but certainly his memory is kept green in literature by his *Table Talk*, edited by his amanuensis, Richard Milward. It is charming stuff, and from it I take this short dissertation upon pleasure: "'Tis wrong to proportion other men's pleasure to ourselves; 'tis like the child's using a little bird, 'O, poor bird! Thou shalt sleep with me!' so lays it in his bosom and stifles it with his hot breath; the bird had rather be in the cold air."

Mr. Maggs

FROM the Case of Mr. Selden's Fingers it is no far cry to the pale orbs of Mr. Ernest Maggs, the world's greatest bookseller, whose soft and clear voice recently bid £22,000 for the Gutenberg (c.1398-1468) Bible and thereby secured this treasure for a private client. How English a name is Maggs, and how very English Mr. Maggs looks as he moves with spry delicacy among the literature of twenty centuries in his solemn Berkeley Square place of business. There is the slight stoop of the elderly (aged seventy-one) savant, the thick white hair springing boldly from a nicely pink scalp, the domed and lined forehead upon which serenity lies in detached comfort, the gold-rimmed spectacles and the generous mouth, thrown into relief by the now-silvered imperial. His clothes are so precisely worn that you are left only with the recollection of their rightness and neatness.

The Gutenberg Bible, he thinks, is the most valuable book in the world today; and frankly, this is a point upon which dispute would be

unlikely and unwise, even though Mr. Maggs bought (in 1933) the *Codex Sinaiticus* for £100,000. The Bookseller of Berkeley Square says, "The Gutenberg is the most valuable, and I should say that second in value are those printed by Caxton—though none of these is in perfect condition."

One is permitted some preference in these matters and a confession of such must now be made. I should have bought (given the means) none of these, but would have paid Mr. Maggs the £500 he was asking some years ago for the large folio sheet upon which was printed the original proclamation issued (1570) by Pope Pius V excommunicating Queen Elizabeth and the Heretics who supported her; "by which also all her subjects are declared absolved from their oath of allegiance and from all other obligations; and finally let all those who obey her be accused."

This was one of the most important Papal Proclamations ever issued. No event in English history, not even the Gunpowder Plot, produced so deep and enduring an effect on England's attitude to the Catholic Church. Englishmen never forgot their Queen's excommunication. Whenever, in later ages, men's minds were stirred up against the Roman Church the remembrance of 1570 seemed sufficient to justify their implacable hatred. It resulted in the Romish Schism in England—Anglo-Catholicism as opposed to Anglo-Romanism is said to date from 1570.

Mighty Blow

ELIZABETH's excommunication has been called "the supreme effort of the counter Reformation." It was the Church's last and most striking attempt to withstand the Reformation in the spirit of the Middle Ages and restore her broken unity by the aid of spiritual and temporal weapons combined.

The authorities of Rome had been exasperated by finding that the Anglo-Catholics were becoming year by year more satisfied with the state of ecclesiastical affairs in their native country under Queen Elizabeth; and that having renounced all allegiance to the Papal throne they were not prepared to accept the decrees of the Tredentine Council.

As a result Pope Pius V, one-time Dominican inquisitor, austere, zealous and determined, devoted his energies to the suppression of heresy and an endeavour to bring Anglo-Catholics back to the Mother Church.

Though a man of fervent piety and blameless life he shrank from no measures which were likely to achieve his ends. He proceeded to the excommunication of Queen Elizabeth (secretly) and the Bull was issued on February 25, 1570. It had, however, the opposite effect to the one desired. It was felt by Elizabeth and her Ministers to be a declaration of war and was resented by the mass of the English people as an act of aggression.

In England this Bull first came to light by the instrumentality of a Catholic layman, one John Felton. Obtaining copies from the Spanish Ambassador's chaplain, he published it in this country by affixing a copy to the gates of the Bishop of London's Palace in the early hours of the morning of May 15, 1570. The result was his speedy apprehension and execution. He was beatified by decree of Pope Leo XIII in 1886.

There is no space here to give the Bull in toto; we need only read this sentence: "But the number of the wicked have obtained such



power that there is now no place in all the earth which they have not sought to corrupt with their evil doctrines; foremost among them works Elizabeth, slave of wickedness, pretended Queen of England, to whom the most pernicious of all have fled and there found refuge."

This would indeed have been a magnificent thing to have had. There are, I believe, only two other copies of this proclamation and both of them are in the Vatican.

Montgomery

Few people took seriously the minor agitation to instal Field Marshal Montgomery as the super-planner whose functions in the Government service were detailed by Sir Stafford Cripps during his two-hours exposition of the Economic Survey for 1947 in the Commons. Nevertheless, those who served under the little man in the semi-early Eighth Army days were provided with yet another opportunity to either amuse or bore their friends with vivid (but not always accurate) Monty-isms. I confess to falling into the trap myself and recalling the receipt of his note: "There will be many difficulties and many temptations to belly-ache. It must be clearly understood by all officers, both senior and junior, that belly-aching is definitely forbidden in the Eighth Army."

It was signed by Montgomery and dated September 4, 1942. And I have the transcription of it in my diary for that period.

A few orders of this kind would not be wholly out of place at the moment; for undoubtedly there is a staggering amount of belly-aching currently going on, and far too many persons are confusing liberty with licence. We could, I feel, dispense with some of this wringing of hands and donning of sack-cloth—even though each is unrationed. When the patient is in a bad way he requires to see neither mourners nor undertakers, although he is aware of the existence of both; he is better served with a reminder that his courage has never yet failed and that one and all are prepared to lend a hand in his recovery.

Interesting—and True

IT is unlikely that the American Ambassador will live at Winfield House. I gather that most of the rooms were built for servants' quarters in order to accommodate a large staff. The main rooms were designed for two people and a child, and there are not more than four guest rooms. It is thus not suitable for the Ambassador, who in any case is anxious not to offend against the general mood of austerity now reigning in this, our England.

THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



Volpe, New York

Mrs. Lewis W. Douglas, wife of the U.S.A. Ambassador

OLD taxi-cabs and even older motor cars swerving uncertainly past a block in Grosvenor Square, seem even more decrepit than they are by comparison with a fleet of superb new limousines quartered there. These gleaming automobiles are symbolic. For diplomatically this is the most notable piece of territory in Europe, the seat of the U.S.A. Embassy to Britain.

Few drivers and passengers recognize the world standing automatically achieved by the principal

occupant of Number One Grosvenor Square. Passers-by with business in the Chancery, largest in London, may be forgiven for not realizing that its chief is writing dramatic history, and that he will contribute many pages in months, let us hope years, to come, from a modest, undecorated sanctum on the first floor.

The Hon. Lewis (Lew) W. (for Williams) Douglas looks astonished, surprised, at the world through deep-set, shy but unswerving brown eyes. His low voice, confident and smooth, arouses a stirring comparison with his three predecessors, Joseph P. Kennedy, John G. Winant, and the peregrinating Averell Harriman of the splendid smile.

REPORT had it that Douglas possesses even more capacity to be charming than Roosevelt; report is here confirmed. His friendly eyes ponder and his voice halts as soon as the phrase is completed. He thinks slowly, and expresses himself with the precision expected of an economist who spent two of his happiest years over the Canadian border as Vice-Chancellor and Principal of McGill.

This stay made an intense impression not only on the 3,300 students but on the 150 professors and lecturers. More recently Douglas accepted one of the world's industrial prizes, presidency of the wealthy Mutual Life Assurance Corporation. But, on accepting the embassy in London, he became chairman of the board, without pay.

Of the distinguished past work of Douglas in Anglo-American relations, little need be said, for few forget that this passionate pleader for freedom of markets and for economic peace, spoke courageously when we faced the impossibility of obtaining dollars necessary to meet debts incurred by Britain for all the Allies during the first World War.

This friendliness of the President of the English Speaking Union (another of the Ambassador's offices) is natural, for his great-grandfather emigrated from Britain to the U.S.A. Perhaps, too, it owes much to the impression made on young Douglas, then lecturing on medieval history at Amherst, by two visiting British professors who are still his friends, Professors R. H. Tawney and A. Barker.

AT school Douglas was no seeker after academic distinction. But he developed a capacity for scholarship. He discusses affairs with the deference of the man who knows far more than some hearers may momentarily assume. He is fond of fishing and of riding (at home in Arizona). Evenings? There are friends, and, always near by Fisher's European history and Acton's speeches.

Douglas wins affection as easily and promptly as he achieved repute in a huge continent, in the war years, as mining engineer, economist, shipping expediter, and gentleman.

His two confessions to me are worth recording, "I dislike false show; trying to be what one is not. I like tolerance towards other people, and capacity for industry."

That is Douglas, the guest we welcome.

George Bilainkin



THE ROYAL FAMILY HAVE A "DAY OFF"

After nearly a month of continual travel in the White Train, and a tremendous number of functions of all kinds, the Royal Family had a well-earned respite from public duties when they stayed for three days' rest in the Drakensberg National Park, Natal. They are seen taking a stroll with Field Marshal Smuts in this beautifully kept flower and game sanctuary, with the majestic 10,000-foot high Drakensberg Mountains, the "Highlands" of Natal, in the background



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). Comedy from Somerset Maugham's short story, with Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire, Irene Brown and Charles Victor.

She Wanted a Cream Front Door (Apollo). Robertson Hare and Peter Haddon romp gaily through the intricacies of the divorce court.

The Man From the Ministry (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

The White Devil (Duchess). Robert Helpmann and Margaret Rawlings in a magnificently acted and produced revival of Webster's tragedy.

The Anonymous Lover (Duke of York's). Valerie Taylor, Hugh Sinclair and Ambrosine Phillpotts deal dexterously with some amusing marital mix-ups.

Fools Rush In (Fortune). Joyce Barbour, Bernard Lee, Brenda Bruce and Nigel Patrick in another amusing story of the *Quiet Wedding* type.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

The Eagle Has Two Heads (Haymarket). Transfers to the Globe, April 14. Jean Cocteau's drama with magnificent performances by Eileen Herlie as the queen of a remote country, and James Donald as her lover. This is theatre in the grand style.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Emlyn Williams.

The Old Vic Theatre Company (New) in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Alchemist*, and *An Inspector Calls*, with Sir Ralph Richardson, Nicolas Hammen, Margaret Leighton, Joyce Redman, and Alec Guinness. *Othello* and *Candida* (Piccadilly). Jack Hawkins, Fay Compton, Anthony Quayle and Morland Graham with an excellent company in a revival of these two famous plays.

The Animal Kingdom (Playhouse). With Elizabeth Allan, Frank Lawton, Renée Ashersou, and Niall MacGinnis.

Peace Comes to Peckham (Princes). R. F. Delderfield's new comedy deals with the impact on Peckham of two returned evacuees from America. Most ably acted by Bertha Belmore, Leslie Dwyer and an enthusiastic cast.

Donald Wolfitt's Shakespeare Season (Savoy). With Jonson's *Volpone*, Donald Wolfitt, Frederick Valk, Richard Goolden, and Rosalind Iden.

The Shop at Sly Corner (St. Martin's). Arthur Young and Victoria Hopper in a thriller with an unusual ending.

Fifty-Fifty (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

Now Barabbas (Vaudeville). Brilliant acting in this moving and original play about prison life.

No Room At The Inn (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Basil Radford, Naunton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

With Music

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

The Dancing Years (Casino). Ivor Novello's famous musical romance revived with Barry Sinclair as the Viennese composer. A colourful production, and the evergreen music of this piece makes it as pleasant entertainment as ever.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

Romany Love (His Majesty's). Melville Cooper and Helena Bliss from America are the leading singers in this most pleasing operatic comedy in the grand tradition.

Song of Norway (Palace). Operatic version of the life of Grieg. Music, spectacle and ballet and some fine singing.

Under the Counter (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the Black Market, ably assisted by Cyril Raymond and Thorley Walters.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field in person at the top of a great supporting cast.



The Alchemist (Stanley Ratcliffe) a subtle convector of black draughts for foul play



Sketches by
Tom Titt

The Duke of Florence and Cardinal Monticelso (Andrew Cruickshank and Hugh Griffith) hatch careful schemes to revenge the death of the Duke's sister, with the help of the Cardinal's little list of useful evildoers



Vittoria Corombona (Margaret Rawlings), a lady to whom passion is the breath of life, whether it be honourable or no

At the

"The White

WEBSTER, the Elizabethan master of stage horror, apparently is now quite to the taste of the general public. Not so long ago one or two performances by the Phoenix Society seemed to exhaust his appeal. His emergence from obscurity might be explained in large general terms. Recent events, it might be said, have made us more fully aware of our nearer kinship to the apes than to the angels, and we rush to look gruesome facts in the face.

That may be true; yet it has a false ring. It is more likely, I fancy, that Webster happened to be included by Mr. Gielgud among the handsomely mounted revivals of wartime; and that the public having been shown a good thing in *The Duchess of Malfi*, is ready for more in the same kind.

FOR Webster, rightly played, is indefeasibly one of the good things of the theatre. We miss his quality if we insist on measuring him against Shakespeare. His story is weak, and since none of his characters possesses a conscience they can come to no tragic end. They are undone—horribly undone—simply because their plottings miscarry, not because there is any struggle within themselves between will and conscience. They belong not to tragedy but to melodrama.

The important differences between Webster and his modern successors in melodrama is that he could write and that he could fill a character with the imaginative agony of his own mind. His verse is always vigorous and often flashes into beauty, and the people who speak it are, morally worthless as they may be, tremendously alive.

THE success of the present revival springs from the realization of all concerned that what they are playing is simple melodrama in a splendid Renaissance setting, and that if they give the verse its natural vigour the beauties will come of their own accord. Miss



The Duke of Brachiano (Roderick Lovell) whose mad passion for the White Devil is the cause of all the woe, and Cornelia (Martita Hunt) the mother who curses him for turning her family to dishonour

Count Lodovico (Leonard White) ruffian-in-chief, engaged by the Duke of Florence to execute vengeance on the White Devil

BACKSTAGE



WITHIN a few days the all-American company which will shortly present *Oklahoma* at Drury Lane in succession to Noel Coward's short-lived *Pacific 1860*, will arrive in this country under the supervision of Therese Helborn, and Bristol-born Lawrence Langer of the New York Theatre Guild.

There will be a short preliminary season opening at the Opera House, Manchester on April 17 to acclimatize the players who have been selected from the cast at the St. James's Theatre, New York (where *Oklahoma* has been playing since March, 1943), and from the company which has been touring the States.

I understand that as time goes on English players may take over some of the parts at Drury Lane.

Contrary to what some may have been led to expect *Oklahoma* is not a big spectacular production on the lines of *Rose Marie* or *Show Boat*. It relies, I am told, on the simplicity of its story about simple pioneer folk at the beginning of the century, upon its humour and characterization and upon the genuine charm of Richard Rodgers's music which embodies American folk tunes. The company is bringing its own costumes, but the scenery is being painted in London.

REHEARSALS have now begun for Bernard Delfont's production of *The Bird Seller*, English version of the popular Continental operetta, *Der Vögelhändler*, which has a delightful score by Carl Zeller.

Richard Tauber, I expect, will find this lilting music as congenial to conduct as was that of *Gay Rosalinda* under his baton at the Palace. The company will include Adele Dixon, Irene Ambrus, James Etherington and Douglas Byng. Dennis Arundell is producing, Pauline Grant will look after the ballet and Professor Ernest Stern will be responsible for the décor. The Tyrolean and Court settings will give him scope for colour. There will probably be a provincial visit before it opens in London.

It is good to hear that Leslie Henson is returning to the West End. He will be seen as the Common Man in the revival of that historical frolic, *1066 and All That*, due at the Saville on April 22, with Doris Hare also in the cast.

As the Cockney paterfamilias in *Peace Comes to Peckham* at the Princes, Leslie Dwyer has established himself as a leading favourite in a part in which he is off the stage for only fifteen minutes.

To most playgoers the name of this cheerful, stockily built actor is new though some remember him as the R.A.F. sergeant in *Flare Path*, the first part to bring him into notice. But this son of Johnny Dwyer (once well known as a variety comic) and his actress wife has been on the stage for thirty years, having begun at the age of ten as one of Carrie Laurie's Juveniles, a once popular variety troupe.

"I had begun to think I wasn't meant for the West End," says Dwyer who, since he went into *Peter Pan* at the age of fourteen has toured in all sorts of plays and has spent several years in repertory. He tells me that he modelled his part in *Peace Comes to Peckham* on his father. "He was a rare character," he says, "and here's a funny thing. When I was young he decided to retire from the stage and to go into business. He invested all his savings in a drapery shop at Peckham in which we all gave a hand, but he lost the lot. After that I went back to the stage."

ROBERT HELPMANN has made a notable discovery in Audrey Cruddas who designed the sixteenth-century Italian costumes for *The White Devil* at the Duchess. The rich glowing colours against the dark blue of Paul Sheriff's pillars create a superb pictorial effect.

Miss Cruddas is well known as a painter, but this is her first work for the theatre. Last year when ill in bed she whiled away the time on some African designs and sent them for exhibition at the Redfern Galleries. Helpmann saw them and was so impressed that he wrote to her to ask if she had ever considered working for the stage. She submitted some Shakespearian designs and was promptly commissioned for *The White Devil*.

Beaumont Kent

Theatre

"The White Devil" (Duchess)

Margaret Rawlings sets the rest of the cast a model of interpretative measure and tact. She presents the odious Vittoria Corombona for just what she is—a beautiful woman whose crimes are committed with cold-blooded gusto.

She lends the creature her own special warmth of voice, her own personal grace, and they suffice to explain why one exorbitant Duke and an unscrupulous Cardinal should plan and practise such cunning strokes of horror upon another exorbitant Duke.

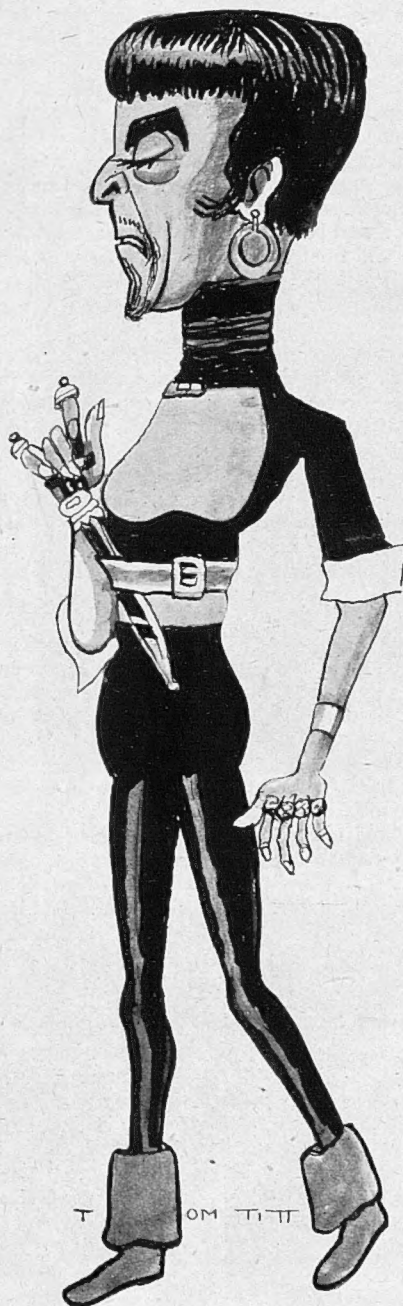
One of the odd things about the piece is that to the reader the great trial scene seems to belong to the woman who pleads for her life to the Cardinal, but that the scene in the theatre always turns out to belong to her judge.

So it is again. For all the accomplishment that Miss Rawlings brings to the pleading, it is Mr. Hugh Griffith's bitter Cardinal who piques and holds the imagination. Mr. Griffith here and elsewhere in the play amply confirms the good impression that he made playing in Shakespeare at the Stratford festival last year.

FLAMINEO, that human fly carrying infection from place to place, is carefully studied and vividly presented by Mr. Robert Helpmann. The Duke who takes his pleasure where he fancies and pays for it by slow torture is grandly played by Mr. Roderick Lovell, and the smiling Duke who presides in the disguise of a monk over the slow torture is given his dues of magnificence and sonority by Mr. Andrew Cruickshank.

The curiously frank imitation of Ophelia's mad scene defeats even Miss Martita Hunt's skilful attempt to weave it into the fabric of the play, but she does full justice to the loveliness of the dirge that follows it. Mr. Paul Sheriff's setting is exactly in keeping with the sinister drama that it encloses, and its general convenience plays no small part in the bold venture's success.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Flamineo, her brother, a pander and a villain, who finds murder and intrigue all in the day's work

Vance Agate.

At The Pictures

This and That



David Niven as the physician in "The Other Love," the film of Erich Maria Remarque's story

ONE of my major passions is accuracy. I have a mania for it. Dictionaries and encyclopaedias are consulted hourly and half-hourly. The most familiar quotations are checked and re-checked. If I am to quote "To be, or not to be" I look up the speech to see that I have got the right words in the right order, whether there is a comma after the first "to be," and that I am attributing the

words to the right person. What has this to do with readers of THE TATLER? Simply that I have received a charming letter from Paris. Here it is:

Dearly beloved James Agate,

Only your well-known passion for accuracy gives me the courage to write to you.

I do think, in THE TATLER of March 12th, that the printers (it can only be the printers) have exaggerated their inaccuracies au long de votre liste d'acteurs et d'actrices français que vous avez eu la bonté d'admirer en 1946:

Marcel Simon	should be	MICHEL Simon
Harry Bauer	"	" Harry BAUR
Jean Marois	"	" Jean MARAIS
Jacques Berry	"	" JULES Berry
Françoise Rosay	"	" FRANÇOISE Rosay

Malgré cela, cher Monsieur Agate, Merci Merci pour les joies que vous me donnez depuis des années.

And I reply:

Dear Lady,

Let me at once say that THE TATLER printers are in no way to blame. That every single one of these preposterous mistakes is of my own making, and that I apologize to you, the artists concerned and the entire French film industry. Incidentally, I apologize also to the Editor of THE TATLER, and can only plead that the recent cold spell benumbed brain as well as body.

ONE thing has been worrying me for some time. Who reads the dreadful rubbish so industriously sent out as film gossip, film news, or what have you? I read about Miss X that she is a pretty blue-eyed blonde with an attractive deep voice. That she is still a little homesick and goes home to Ireland whenever she has the chance. That she was educated in a French convent in Wales and admits to knowing very little about the screen. And the puff ends by saying that "with her good looks and talent it won't be long before she knows all about films at first hand."

And now comes this charming vignette.

SOME ACTRESSES FIND CRYING EASY

There are no idle tears around a film studio. They are working tears, used by actresses as part of their trade.

Some of the most industrious are those tears shed by Susan Hayward playing the biggest role of her film career as a dipsomaniac in Walter Wanger's production *A Woman Destroyed*.

For emotional scenes, many players use glycerine or menthol to get the tear effect. Sometimes a director slaps a star's face to produce tears. Not so for Susan Hayward who gets her effects in another way.

"I try to think of the most awful thing that ever happened or could happen to me," she explains, "and that usually has the desired effect. Something like losing all my hair, or a best friend hurt in an automobile accident. That sounds juvenile, I know, like a youngster who cries when he hears the story of the wolf who ate up grandma. But it works, all the same."

In *A Woman Destroyed* Miss Hayward has full opportunity to use all her emotions. The drama evolves from a wife's loneliness following her husband's success as a public idol, and her eventual addiction to drink.

And finally this crowning masterpiece.

A MATTER OF LOVE AND LIVESEY

The female of the species is always unpredictable—even when she's just a half-pint Pekinese! Su-Su, piquante black-and-white Chinese aristocrat was chosen from fifty others to play an important role in *Two Cities' Vice Versa*. According to the script written by Peter Ustinov who also directs the picture, she is required to take a violent dislike to star Roger Livesey who plays Paul Bultitude. Not a bit of it! When Su-Su likes somebody she certainly likes them and her affection for Roger is almost embarrassing. You can trust the clever film producers to meet any emergency, however, and Su-Su will be seen attacking Roger and biting his trousers in a most convincing manner. Don't ask how it's done, but the R.S.P.C.A. need not have sleepless nights over it—Su-Su is enjoying herself immensely, thank you!

What is worrying me is: I want to know who reads this pap. Can it be that nobody reads it? Can it be that tons of paper and gallons of ink are wasted in the production of something upon which no sentient being ever sets an eye?



Barbara Stanwyck is the doomed pianist with the troubled heart in "The Other Love"

THERE is one other thing I would like to know about. Can there be any truth in the story that Barbara Stanwyck deliberately chose *The Other Love* (Empire) as a means of breaking away from Hollywood nonsense? I just don't believe it. Barbara is a clever girl. I don't believe that she could take the present picture to be anything but bosh. Unless, of course, like



James Agate, an impression by Philip Youngman Carter

so many highbrows, she imagines that bosh has only to be gloomy and dreary enough to become high art. Here is the idiotic story:

Karen Duncan (Barbara Stanwyck), alleged to be a famous Chicago pianist, discovers that she has got T.B. and betakes herself to a sanatorium in Switzerland, run by one Dr. Anthony Stanton (David Niven). Nothing happens for the next hour or so except that Karen lolls about in rooms which would make anything at the Ritz-Carlton appear like a badly kept pig-sty. Presently she and the young doctor fall in love. Then one day Karen is nearly run down by a playboy racing motorist, with whom Karen starts flirting, not telling him that she has T.B. Another patient at the sanatorium dying suddenly, Karen decides that Stanton is no good, either as doctor or lover, and we next see her having high jinks at Monte Carlo in company with the aforesaid motorist. Leaving his patients to look after themselves, Stanton traces the couple to Monte Carlo where he tells the motorist what is the matter with Karen. "What about a spot of Egypt?" says the motorist. "I hear the desert's O.K. for T.B." Karen says no, she really isn't as well as all that, and thinks that perhaps the sanatorium is the best place. She returns there, marries the doctor (!!!!!) and passes quietly and peacefully away one evening after dinner while he is playing her favourite Chopin Nocturne.

THE story is as dull as it is preposterous. There is no point in saying that Stanwyck, Niven and Richard Conte play well, because there is just nothing that is capable of being well played. Now what I want to know is: What does Stanwyck think about this film? Did she, when she first looked at it, remember *Camille* or *Dark Victory*? Didn't she realize that *The Other Love* is infinitely inferior in the matter of exciting happenings even to that piece of nonsense entitled *The Seventh Veil*? Will she believe me when I tell her that I yawned to such a degree that my spectacles fell off backwards into the lap of an eminent critic sitting behind me?



Lieut. Dixon, Mrs. J. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Moskalyk and Mr. and Mrs. A. Parker made a typically happy group



Lieut. Dudak van Heel, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Fullerton, Miss B. Adams, Mr. John Broadley and Miss A. Fullerton

For Scotland's Disabled Soldiers

The Thistle Foundation, incorporated in 1944 to make special provision for Scotland's long-term ex-Service patients, recently held a ball at the Oatlands Park Hotel, Weybridge. Organised by the Southern branch of the Foundation, it raised a good sum for a most praiseworthy cause



Mr. P. Jeffcock, Mr. J. Kirby, Miss A. Cameron, Miss M. Morris, Mr. D. Barrington, Miss E. McCracken, Miss D. McCracken and Mr. N. Bamber



Dr. Imrie, who is head of the Southern branch of the Foundation, with Miss D. Cator and Dr. and Mrs. Forsyth



Miss A. North and Mr. Ferguson-Innes sitting out a dance



Mr. J. C. Hamilton, Mrs. Funnell, Mr. and Mrs. John Cassell and Lieut. and Mrs. Barrington Funnell



Miss B. Johnson, Miss P. Marsden, Miss B. Humphreys, Miss J. Macfarlane, Mrs. Ross, Major Sykes, Miss P. Ross and Mr. W. Imrie



Major R. N. A. Scott, Organising Secretary, and Mrs. Scott, Lady Herbert, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Radford and Mr. A. J. Blackadder

VAUDEVILLE STARS HOLD



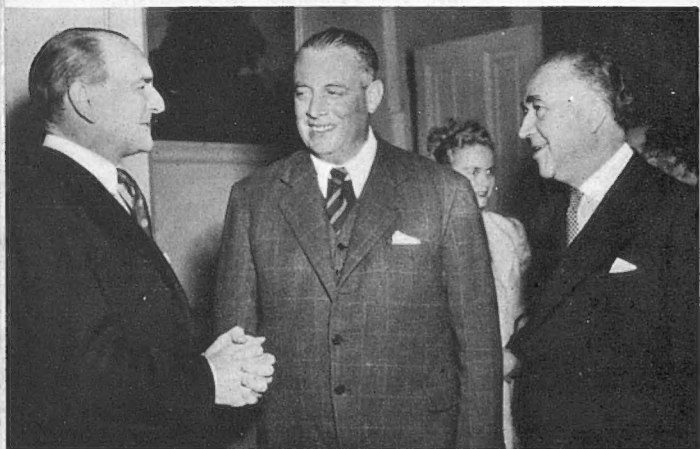
Mme. Labougle, wife of the Argentine Ambassador, Com. Cubillos, the Chilean Naval Attaché, and Mme. Hart



Miss Saurat and Professor Denis Saurat chatting to Dr. J. J. Moniz de Aragao, the Brazilian Ambassador



Sir Stanley Holmes, Mme. Bianchi, wife of the Chilean Ambassador, Mrs. L. F. Plugge, and the Argentine Ambassador



Sir Stanley Holmes, M.P., with Dr. Ricardo Latham and the Chilean Ambassador at a reception given at the Embassy for Dr. Latham, who is a celebrated author

A Distinguished Chilean Writer in London



Sid Field and a guest, Miss Stephens, at the eleventh annual dinner of the Vaudeville Golfing Society



Billy Tasker, Albert Burdon, Mr. Reg. Seymour and his wife Bertha Wilmot, and Norman Long

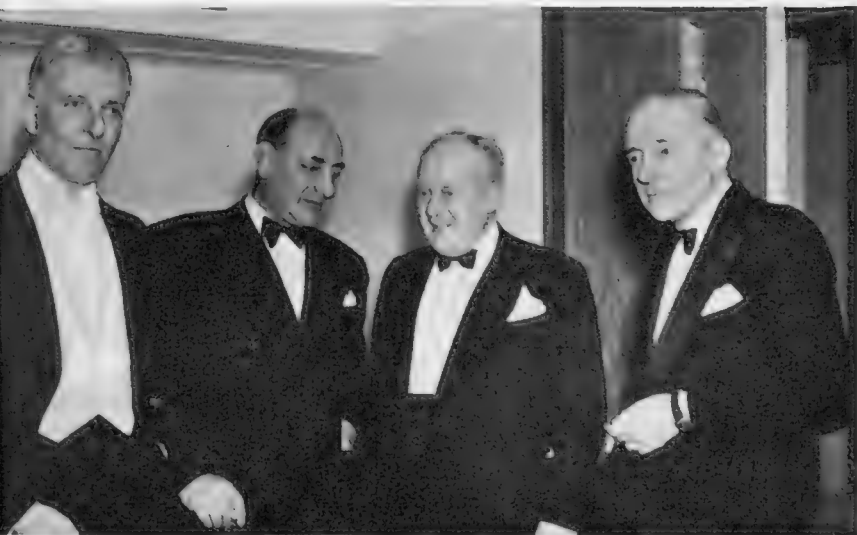


Miss Winifred Fishwick, Billy Percy, Syd Seymour, Mrs. Syd Seymour and Jimmy Mack

A GOLFING DINNER



Judy Shirley and Donald Peers were two others at the dinner, which was held at the Savoy



Alex Rose, Bud Flanagan, Jack Hylton and Jimmy Campbell were caught in a corner



Standing: Ben Warriss, Katie Kay, Billy Tasker and Jack Buckland. Seated: Mrs. Buckland and Mrs. Bud Flanagan



Mr. H. J. Randall, Chairman of the E.D.A., Lady Nathan, Chairman of the L.C.C., and Lord Brabazon, E.D.A. President. The luncheon was held at the Connaught Rooms



Mr. Walter Riggs, M.B.E., Mr. V. W. Dale, General Manager, E.D.A., Mr. A. C. Bossom, M.P., Vice-President, E.D.A., Mr. C. G. Stillman and Mr. G. Dawbarn, the architects



Sir Cyril Hurcomb, G.C.B., M.B.E., Chairman of the Electricity Commission, with Mr. Selwyn S. Grant, O.B.E., Chairman of the Provincial Electricity Supply Association



Mr. C. G. Morley New, Mr. Harold Hobson, Chairman of the Central Electricity Board, Sir John Dalton and Captain J. M. Donaldson, M.C., Mayor of St. Albans

The Electrical Development Association Luncheon

Sanfter writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THE "GRAND MILITARY"

ANGLO-AMERICAN PARTY

I WENT to Sandown Park for the first "Grand Military" to be held after a gap of eight years. Like everyone else, I was delighted to see H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester there, accompanied by the Duchess, who was making her first appearance in public since her return from Australia with the two little Princes.

His Royal Highness, who was Patron for the Services races and a member of the Grand Military Race Committee, has always been a very keen soldier, and met many old Service friends here. When he went into the paddock to see the horses before the Imperial Cup, he was chatting to Lt.-Col. Sir Peter Grant Lawson, who is in the Blues, and Lt.-Col. Giles Loder, both Stewards for the Services races.

The Duchess of Gloucester, who I noticed has got very thin during her stay in Australia, looked charming in a yellow suit and brown hat. She was watching the horses with Mrs. Charles Miller, wife of Major-Gen. Charles Miller, who was Chief of Staff to the Duke of Gloucester in Australia, and their daughter Elspeth. Mrs. Miller looked nice in a bottle-green suit and carried a mink coat over her arm which she later put on as a protection against the keen east wind. Her daughter, who is a very pretty girl, served with the F.A.N.Y. during the war, and later went with her parents to Australia, where she had a wonderful time.

During the two-day meeting there were five races for "amateurs only," and it was good to see so many of the younger amateurs taking part beside such well-known riders (I must not say veterans) of pre-war racing as Lord Mildmay, who rode three winners and a second at the meeting, Major Peter Herbert, Mr. Edward Paget, Mr. Dickie Black, Mr. Johnnie Hislop and Cdr. Courage, who was the only member of the Senior Service I noticed riding.

Service wives, daughters, sisters and friends were there both days in their hundreds, dressed as usual in tweeds and felt hats, although on the first day many of the nicest tweeds were hidden by mackintoshes.

THE going was terribly heavy and there was a certain amount of grief, which wasn't surprising with the very large fields. Winners were not easy to find; on the first day

Cromwell and Watchit, both from Mr. Peter Cazalet's successful stable at Tonbridge, were the only favourites to win, while on the second day, Coloured School Boy and Roscar were the only favourites to win. Roscar, who won several good point-to-points last year, ran very well and ought to win his young owner, Mr. Michael Tree, some useful 'chases.

On the first day Major Noel Furlong ran Port Oska in the first race; this was ridden by his younger son, Mr. L. Furlong, who was in the Fleet Air Arm during the war. This was his first ride in public. Although he was not placed he rode very well, and we hope he will carry on the family tradition of his brother, the late Frank Furlong, who rode his father's Robin-a-Tiptoe to victory in the National Hunt Steeplechase at Cheltenham and later won the Grand National on his father's Reynoldstown.

THE Duke of Roxburghe was there to see his horse, Pat Lacey, which was ridden by Capt. Tom Hanbury, run second in the Household Brigade Cup. Lord Bicester brought off a double on the first day with his horses Prince Blackthorn and Freddie Fox; the latter, which started at the surprisingly long odds of 100 to 7, won the last race on the opening day under the top weight of 12 st. 7 lbs., the only top-weight to win at the meeting.

Among those I saw during this very amusing and sporting two-day meeting were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the latter in scarlet; the Marquess of Abergavenny, who had a runner; his son and heir, the Earl of Lewes who rode his horse Dressing Gown in the Household Brigade Cup; the Countess of Lewes, looking exceptionally pretty in brown; the Earl of Rosebery, who had a runner on the first day; Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, the latter wearing a most effective mackintosh fitted with a peaked cap on the first day; Lady Throckmorton and her sister, Mrs. Carlos Clarke, who are always two of the best-dressed women anywhere.

Others I noticed were Mrs. Magda Ducas, also looking very well-turned-out, who later went over to Ireland to spend Easter with the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava; Major and

Mrs. Bertie Bankier and her attractive daughter, Mrs. John Hislop; Lady Helena Hilton-Green, Mr. James Hanbury, Lady Joan Philipps, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell and her son David, Sir Humphrey de Trafford talking to Mr. Vincent Routledge; Capt. and Mrs. Harry Freeman-Jackson, Capt. and Mrs. Cazenove (she was Grania Kennedy before her marriage in January), Major and Mrs. Richard Sharples, Cdr. and Mrs. Scott-Miller, Brig. Perry Harding, G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig and one of his daughters; Sir Kenneth Gibson, who is Clerk of the Course; Lord and Lady Roderic Pratt; Colonel and Mrs. Alistair Campbell, their daughter Fiona, and their eldest son, who is in the Scots Guards; Mr. and Mrs. George Glossop and their school-boy son Peter, who was home from Marlborough; the Marchioness of Cambridge with her daughter, Lady Mary Cambridge; Major Nigel Courage, Lady Grant Lawson, the Earl and Countess of Cottenham, and Admiral and Mrs. Cyril Douglas-Pennant, who had come over from Latimer House, where he is Commandant of the new Joint Services Staff College.

IN the Cavalry Club hut, where they provided an excellent lunch and tea, I saw Major and the Hon. Mrs. Gwynne Morgan-Jones, Brig. and Mrs. Tom Draffen, who are now living down in Berkshire; Capt. and Mrs. Myles Thompson with their attractive daughter Maureen, who is studying at R.A.D.A.; Major and Mrs. Peter Herbert, Major and Mrs. Harry Misa with their daughter Kit; Major and Mrs. John Dennistoun, and Col. and Mrs. Alan Wood.

Owing to the flooding of Eton and all the boys being sent home a fortnight early, I noticed many Etonian schoolboys enjoying the racing with their parents; these included Robert and Henry McCreery with their father, Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard McCreery, the G.O.C.-in-C., British Army of the Rhine, and Lady McCreery; Bobby Brookes with his mother, Mrs. Ronald Brookes, and Thomas Bower with his parents, Major T. K. and Mrs. Bower.

I WENT to a very friendly and gay cocktail party recently, given by Major Norman Fraser, Liaison Officer to the American Military Attaché at the United States Embassy



Mr. G. Cornu, Viscount Scarsdale, Viscountess Scarsdale and Mrs. Bearman



Colonel Philip Astley, who is a relative of Lord Hastings, and Mme. Nystrom



M. Hugo Gouthier, of the Brazilian Embassy, and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward

Some Recent Diners-Out Seen at

in London. Few people realise how many American soldiers are still in our midst, and this party was given for the American officers and their wives living over here to meet English friends. Anglo-American friendship was certainly strengthened that evening, as the host and his charming sister, Miss Marjorie Fraser, were indefatigable introducing guests.

Viscountess Gough, who was in her usual gay form, wearing a jaunty little flowered cap, was talking to Col. John Ackerman, the U.S. Assistant Air Attaché. Mr. David Thomasson, of the U.S. Embassy, was there with his charming wife; she told me they have just moved into an attractive mews house off Belgrave Square with their two young children. Lord and Lady Huntingfield were up from their lovely home, Croxton Park, in Cambridgeshire, where, incidentally, Lady Huntingfield told me that during the cold spell the snow was so deep that rabbits got into the garden and ate the shoots off the rose-trees and anything else that was showing its head! Lord Huntingfield was for some years Parliamentary Private Secretary to the President of the Board of Trade, and after that was for five years Governor of Victoria. Lady Huntingfield was formerly the widow of the late Lord Eltisley, and her only child, Lady Fox, the tall and very pretty wife of Sir Gifford Fox, was also at this party with her husband. When I met her she was surrounded by a group of friends, including Major-Gen. Clayton Bissell, the U.S. Military and Air Attaché, with his wife, Sir Louis and Lady Greig, and Cdre. and Mrs. Tully Shelley—he is the U.S. Naval Attaché.

OTHERS I met at the party were Col. William Kieffer, the Assistant U.S. Air Attaché, with his wife; Cdr. Robert Taylor, the Assistant U.S. Naval Attaché, and his British-born wife; pretty Miss Susan Warren Pearl, looking very fit and well after her ski-ing holiday; Miss Diana Campbell-Plummer, who was planning a visit to Paris for Easter; and Mr. Robert Chalker, of the U.S. Embassy, with his very pretty wife; they were married in London in the autumn.

Mrs. Denis Alexander, looking very attractive, was there with her husband; she is, of course, half-American, her father being Mr. C. W. Dresselhuys, of New York. Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Erelid Cardiff, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Carl Berry, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Stuart Don, and Col. and Mrs. Joseph Holly were also enjoying the party. Many friends, both English and American, I met were lamenting the departure from the U.S. Embassy of Mr. Cabot Coville, who has made many friends during his stay. He has left for Washington on his way to take up the very important post of Political Adviser in Tokio. On his departure he made one of his characteristic last-minute dashes in his new blue Dodge to get it on board the Queen Elizabeth to take with him to Japan.

Ciros Club



Mrs. Alan Kehoe and Colonel William Tozer, a prominent Yorkshire figure



Mr. Sandy Whitelaw, the young British skier, was a prominent contestant



Mr. T. Palmer-Tomkinson enjoys a glass of grog after the strenuous downhill race



Mr. C. S. Hudson, another entrant. Ten nations competed in friendly rivalry



Trude Beiser, an Austrian girl from Arlberg, who was first in the slalom



Miss Sheena Mackintosh, of the famous ski-ing family, after the downhill race



Miss Vora Mackintosh, sister of Douglas Mackintosh, the British ski-champion



Miss Sylvia Delmar, another who found the downhill race very exhilarating



Miss Audrey Sale-Barker and Mr. Ralph Hewins, the foreign correspondent



Photographs by Dr. R. H. Schloss
Miss M. C. Sherer, who was another downhill race competitor at Mürren

Competitors in the First Post-War Arlberg—Kandahar Ski Races

FIVE HUNDRED

A Very Successful Function



Mrs. Cecil Pim, Mrs. Lort-Phillips and Colonel Cecil Pim arriving at the Castle, which is on the banks of the Hampshire Avon



Mr. Roger Smith-Rowse and Mrs. D. E. Main were among the large company



Miss Alice Haigh-Thomas and Mr. Guy Lort-Phillips, who was recovering from a motor accident



Lady Westrow Hulse, Sir Dudley Forwood, Bt., who is Equerry to the Duke of Windsor, Lady Forwood, and Sir Hamilton Westrow Hulse, Bt.



Major and Mrs. P. P. Curtis. Major Curtis is Hon. Sec. of the New Forest Hunt

GUESTS ATTEND THE WILTON HUNT BALL

Held for the First Time at Avon Castle, Former Home of the Earls of Egmont



Major J. C. Riley, Mrs. Michael Trethowan, Mr. P. E. G. Mather and Mrs. Mather talking during an interval



Miss June Gill, Captain T. R. Body, Miss Rosemary Stephens, Major J. C. du Parc Braham, Miss Patsy Creogh and Captain Peter Gill



Captain C. E. Perkins and Miss S. E. Gurdon have a rest between dances



Captain Ian Benson, Hon. Sec. of the Wilton Hunt, and Mr. D. E. Main



At a very popular rendezvous. On the stairs, Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. T. W. Harrington. At the bar, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Coats, Mrs. Pat Ashby, Mr. Geoffrey Thomas and Mr. Daniel Pelliward

Photographs by Swaebe



Major E. Davis, Irish Guards, and Viscountess Jocelyn, wife of the Earl of Roden's heir, watching the first flat race of the season



Mr. Jack Counihan and Miss Christina Nixon, daughter of the late Major Sir C. Nixon, Bt., and Lady Nixon, who have just become engaged



Mr. Maurice O'Connor, stepfather of Viscount Gormanston, and Miss Anne Preston, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Richard Preston, D.S.O.



Major the Hon. and Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy, whose colours are to be seen at all the Irish race meetings. Major Ogilvy is the Duke of Airlie's brother

The Season Opens at Phoenix Park

Michael Kieran

An Irish Commentary

How London Looks to an Irishman

ST. PATRICK'S DAY brought me to London on business. I could not help noticing how few people wore shamrock compared to pre-war years. Considering the number of Irishmen at present in England this is all the more astonishing. In fact, when I went into my club for lunch it was only seeing my own sprig which sent one or two fellow-countrymen out in search of shamrock. It was not easy to come by—I had wisely brought over my own supply.

One shop where they were selling cauliflowers at 3s. each offered shamrock at 1s. a small spray. They told me that on account of the weather very little had been sent over, so that may be one reason for seeing so little.

London was advised of our national day by the tricolour which flew from Mr. Dulanty's office in Piccadilly Circus. A little farther down the road in Lower Regent Street the Six-County Government celebrated the opening of their new office. This area is now a virtual Irish corner with the representatives of both Governments and the Irish Tourist Board and Aer Lingus offices. I noticed that the newspaper boys were selling Irish papers along with the London evening papers.

IT is some months since I was over in London, and despite the weather and fuel crisis I saw little change from the early autumn. More houses seem to have been repaired and prefabricated homes both assembled and on transporters on the way to their owners were in evidence. It is still very difficult to get any accommodation, either permanent or temporary, although I found the theatre-going easier.

While I was in London I noticed in an Irish paper a letter from an Irish woman's organisation blaming the high cost of living, especially in Dublin, on the tourist traffic. Certainly the cost of living in Ireland is high in many respects, and especially with foodstuffs. The difference between London and Dublin is that in the latter you can purchase food if you have the money, while in London, however rich you are, the food is difficult to obtain.

Some say we eat too much, but I certainly felt hungry in London and started to wonder what the visitors, especially the thousands from the United States who are expected on holiday this year, will think of conditions. Unless they are given special concessions—and this would lead to an even more justified complaint than that of the Irish housewives by the English housewives—they will not enjoy themselves.

Now I am on the subject of eating I will deal with it from a visitor's point of view. Ration cards are issued, but if you stay in a hotel more than five days the hotel takes these but gives no guarantee that you will receive your full ration of bread or meat. The former, if served, counts as a course, while the meat goes into the hotel pool. In ten days in London only once did I have red meat (an entrecôte minute served as I was lunching with the director of a restaurant)—for the rest it was a case of stews, an occasional piece of chicken or the interminable cold pork and ham pie.

Many restaurants are very difficult to enter unless you are a regular customer, and if you can get a table you will see some regulars being served with a piece of meat whilst some offal comes your way. One restaurant I rang up said they were full. Later I met a friend who

asked me to lunch. . . . He took me straight along to the restaurant which had told me earlier that it was booked up. On enquiries I found tables were kept for regulars who slipped the telephone operators and head waiters the odd note. Now that is very hard for a visitor to do, and, anyhow, is not a very savoury way in which to do business—to me it's more like bribery. I shall wait and see with interest what the visitors think of it all. Incidentally, so far, the petrol rationing prevents any tourist from the Continent from arriving with his car—what a change to France and Belgium, where the motoring tourist is encouraged.

WALKING down a West End street I saw a fine Irish turkey in a snack bar window. Hungry and envious I went in to ask for a portion, to be informed that it was only served as a sandwich. Eagerly I asked for sandwich, to be given a few shreds from that part of the bird's anatomy which is named according to one's sectarian beliefs.

Nevertheless, that turkey will be included in the Irish export return form this year. The returns for the period January-November 1946 have just been issued by the Department of Industry and Commerce. Our imports for 1946 period were over sixty-four millions and our exports some thirty-four and a half millions. This compared with thirty-six millions and nearly thirty-two millions in the same period for 1945. It is of interest to note that in 1946 all but nine millions of our exports went to Britain, and of those nine millions, six and a half were to the Six Counties.

There are many who, fearing the crash, would like to see the Irish pound tied to the dollar, but I wonder what our exports would have been to Britain if this had been the case last year.

IN the window of the Six-County office in Lower Regent Street I noticed a very fine picture by Willie Conor, the Belfast artist. Not to be confused with the late Jerome Connor whose limited number of works of sculpture will be treasured by all owners, Willie Conor has had a great success both sides of the border with his portraits of Irish types. During the last war he painted several official pictures, and through his style of laying on the paint in long movements of the brush, and his use of rather sombre colours, his work often reminds me of the paintings of the late Patrick Tuohy, whose portrayal of Dublin dwellers, especially slum children, was so brilliant. This work I saw in London was of a gallery scene in a theatre.

BY the way, I must tell you of two small incidents which speak for themselves. When I arrived at Northolt by air a young man asked the driver of the bus taking us to Victoria if he could drop off on the way. The driver said he had union instructions that there was to be no setting down or picking up of passengers between the airport and the terminus. Just before leaving for England I was discussing bus travel with a friend. My friend told me that he found buses very comfortable, and the conductors and drivers most courteous. In fact, between his business town and Dublin was his home town, and whenever he was travelling up to Dublin the bus would stop in his home town for a few minutes to enable him to see his family!

Priscilla in Paris

At the Vélodrome



THE newspaper strike is over and our holiday ended. Again, every morning, we must wade through endless pessimistic editorials that may, or may not, give us a very clear idea of the disasters that await us but which certainly improve our knowledge of the "lurid epithet"!

It was really quite restful merely to tune-in for the radio news-bulletins (this did not necessarily mean that one listened to them) and, a little later, read the tabloid sheets that were privately printed and circulated *sub rosa*. One got one's news in brief. Life became a synopsis. A series of headlines. One also thought: "When this is over so many undesirable, yellow rags will have gone out of business that it will be like old times..." But alas, the Undesirables are still with us and "old times" are still dreams of the past.

RELATEDLY, we have learned of the death, at her villa at Monte Carlo, of la Belle Otero, the great Spanish beauty—and dancer—who gladdened the hearts of our grand, and great grandpas in the naughty 'nineties and the early days of this century. Her jewels were as sensational as they were flashy. She possessed a bolero, made entirely of diamonds, that was worth 14,000,000 francs (gold) and that she sold—panic stricken by the events of 1914—for only 3,000,000.

Great rivalry existed between la Belle Otero and another very lovely lady of those times named Liane de Pougy, whose beauty and elegance were of a far more subtle order than that of the Señorita. The story goes that on a certain first night at the Folies-Bergère, when both ladies had booked boxes, Otero turned up wearing the famous diamond coatée as well as all the other jewels she was able to crowd on to her then fashionably generous figure à la Mae West. Liane de Pougy, slim and distinguished in a plain black frock, arrived just as the curtain was going up. Not a single jewel relieved the simplicity of her well-cut gown, but she was followed by her maid from whose neck and shoulders hung the innumerable ropes, necklets and collars of priceless and famous pearls that belonged to her mistress. The show was stopped while the audience stood up and cheered.

THE *Six Jours*, or Six-Day Bicycle Race, with all its alarms and excursions, is with us again. This is a popular as well as a populous affair, but at midnight—and I now quote from an official guide-book (Propaganda, what strange things are said in thy name!)—"all the Beauty and Chivalry of the Metropolis" appear on the scene! These self-assured, rich and apparently happy people arrive in time for the midnight

sprints when extra prizes are put up by the spectators themselves, thus considerably enlivening the proceedings. One can no longer have supper at the rose-shaded, trackside tables in the arena as one did in pre-war days, but champagne and crusty sandwiches are a very agreeable makeshift.

Having low tastes, I found myself wandering round to the *quartier des coureurs* where, at all hours of the day and night, coffee (not the "national," but the "real" kind) is brewed, beer bottles pop and a divine odour of eggs and bacon (fried over spirit lamps, if needs be) fights with the equally pleasant smell of So-and-So's embrocation. Towards dawn, when the *petit monde* has stumbled away, heavy-eyed, to catch the first Métro home for a hasty breakfast before going off to work, the huge Vélodrome d'Hiver becomes an echoing cavern that is invaded by an army of cleaners.

The price of everything beat all records this year. A box for the Six Days cost 26,000 francs; some of the prizes for the sprints touched the 100,000-franc mark. I discreetly looked away when my escort paid for our sandwiches and wine, but I noticed that he looked depressed for quite half a minute.

THE performances given by the Opéra de Vienne at the Théâtre des Champs Élysées have been wonderful. When the curtain fell on the first night there was that breathless, eloquent pause before the applause crashed out that showed how enthralled the audience had been. And what an audience! One really had the illusion that one was back in those glorious far-off days of the first visit of the Russian Ballet to Paris. Lovely frocks, *soignée* women and well-groomed men. Such a rare sight in public places of entertainment nowadays, although many invitation cards carry the courteously-worded suggestion that "evening dress would be appreciated," which sometimes leads to quaint results.

Voilà!

● A friend from Moscow writes: What is the difference between a diplomat and a lady? When a diplomat says "Yes" he means "Perhaps"; when he says "Perhaps" he means "No"; and if he says "No" he's no diplomat. When a lady says "No" she means "Perhaps"; when she says "Perhaps" she means "Yes"; and when she says "Yes" she's no lady.



First Night of "The Anonymous Lover" at the Duke of York's Theatre

Mr. Arthur Macrae, Ena Burrill, the actress, and Mrs. Emyln Williams, wife of actor-playwright Emyln Williams, who is appearing in "The Winslow Boy"

Vernon Sylvaine, author of many comedy successes, arriving for his new play, accompanied by his wife and daughter

Lady Phyllis Allen, who is a sister of the Earl of Lovelace, with Leigh Stafford, the actor

Swasey



THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE

As befits one of the great ports and maritime clearing-houses of the Empire, Durban surpassed itself in the reception it gave to the King and Queen and the Princesses when they visited it in the fifth week of their South African tour. All sections of the population joined in the tumultuous welcome. The first action of their Majesties was to open a Gate of Remembrance in the war memorial, and at night they attended a Civic Ball, where they sat with the Mayor and Mayoress.



THE DURBAN CIVIC BALL

The following day was chiefly devoted to a children's pageant representing the development of South Africa, and on the third and last day their Majesties met a great and enthusiastic concourse of Indians domiciled in the neighbourhood, attended a mass parade of ex-Servicemen of the two World Wars, were almost overwhelmed by a huge native rally at the airport, inspected Scouts and Guides, and visited the races. They then entrained for the Transvaal

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

FROM a film-boy who mumbled recently that Flora MacDonald was "a somewhat plain, biggish girl, with a hint of hidden fire," our more gently-nurtured little readers will turn with undisguised pity and loathing. The principal heroine of the '45, on the testimony of Dr. Johnson, James Boswell, and a dozen others who knew her, was small, mild, graceful, prosaic, wellbred, and incidentally a brunette.

No flaming beauty, certainly ("soft features, elegant presence"—Dr. Johnson). Not a spark of romantic fluff either. As she parted from the Prince at the inn at Portree the following scene took place, on the evidence of Captain Roy MacDonald:

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD: I believe, Madam, I owe you a crown of borrowed money?

MISS MACDONALD: No, Sir, it is only half a crown.

Having repaid her, with thanks, the Prince saluted her with his boyish Stuart grace and said: "For all that has happened, I hope, Madam, we shall meet in St. James's yet." How very, very nearly this happened every decent Gael knows, and grinds his teeth in shame and rage. As for Flora, after her release and pardon she married MacDonald of Kingsburgh, had seven children, emigrated to North Carolina, returned, died in genteel poverty at 68, and is buried in Kilmuir Kirkyard, on the north-west tip of the Skye coast, under a tall Iona cross, a landmark for seamen sailing these stormy channels.

Hence the type the film-boys will ultimately select to play Flora in *Bonnie Prince Charlie* will be a luscious, leering, bouncing, beautiful blonde, all ringlets and roguey-poguey.

Tribute

"WILL not a beauteous landscape bright—" cries that admirable poet, the Rev. Cornelius Whur (1782-1853):

Will not a beauteous landscape bright,
Or Music's soothing sound,
Console the heart, afford delight,
And throw sweet peace around?



"There are so many things he needs, I don't know where to start!"



"Just like the Ministry of Labour, sending me a nice tall warehouseman now that I've had the steps mended"

Your answer on due reflection being "Yes," or "Certainly," the Reverend Whur comes back at you with a haymaker:

They may—but never comfort lend
Like an accomplish'd female friend!

Which was once more confirmed, we noted, the other day, when an accomplished female friend assisted a skilled craftsman to get away with some £1500 worth of valuables, as sweet and smooth as kiss-your-hand. Earnest thinkers worrying in the Press over Modern Woman's Place in Industry rarely mention a branch in which women have always excelled. The typical highbrow British feminist's cry is Mary Wollstonecraft, George Eliot, Harriet Martineau. Our answering cry is Moll Flanders, Jenny Diver, Mother Midnight; accomplished female friends one and all, brisk, practical trollops, and, by all modern standards, tops.

The Rev. Cornelius is perfectly right, therefore, and we'll thank you to leave off accusing us of looking down our snoot at the Modern Girl (End message).

Herb

THAT increasing habit among the citizenry of switching off with a petulant oath when some cheer-leader for Utopia takes the air is quite needless, a member of the medico-botanical underworld was telling us. A better method is to convert the babble into exquisite colour by means of an infusion of a little Mexican cactus, called by the Indians *peyotl*.

A botanist named Williams discovered *peyotl* some years ago. Its effect is to transform auditive into richly visual (serial and coloured) sensation. You may imagine therefore what a



"... and don't forget to call in at the chemist's for that liniment"

Bakst-like riot of lovely dissolving colours almost any Cabinet Minister's performance would make. We asked this botanist how Williams discovered his cactus. He had no idea. Our simple guess is that after an enjoyable day with the locals in some remote Indian village, the headman handed Williams (evidently a good mixer) a calabash, saying "Try a dollop of this, *cacique*." The drums began throbbing, the *clarins* began to play, Williams took a swig, and ... Coo! Mums!

"What's it called?" asked Williams at length.

"*Peyotl*," said the headman.

"I," said Williams, "shall call it *Echinocactus Williamsii*."

The headman spat, indicating total indifference to all earthly fame, the Indians continued to stare blankly, indicating complete disinterest in botanical vanities, and Williams retired in good order. Some explorers get a farewell poison-dart in their trousers. Botanists are immune.

Minuet

As the bells of ruined Crowland Abbey rang over the drowning Fens the other day one could hardly help seeing a portly, impressive ghost in a tall great curly periwig glooming in the background: the ghost of that 17th-century Duke of Bedford who laid hands on 400 square miles of the Fens, had them drained free of charge by Scots prisoners-of-war under ruthless discipline, and so passed (as his chaplain cried, preaching his Grace's funeral-oration) from a life full of selfless nobility to an incorruptible crown.

Like the battle of Austerlitz, this historic Fenland epic has the stately, faultless rhythm of a minuet. Many Wall Street operations approach it in size, but not in calm magnificence. The rush after money has become a heated and vulgar spectacle, though one could say a good word perhaps for the admirable unhurried poise of the late Greek Syndicate at Monte Carlo. The department of those impassive boys was a nightly model, and as nobody was robbed of a penny, nobody could complain. But you couldn't set the Greek Syndicate to music by Handel as you could the Duke, an oratorio in himself.

Footnote

PROPOS, we've often thought a City Oratorio might ere now have attracted some modern composer of wit and talent, Mr. Walton or Lord Berners or Mr. Benjamin Britten. The major theme is obvious.

SOPRANI: The heights by great men reached and kept—

ALTI: Reached and kept, reached and kept—

SOPRANI: Were not attained by airs and graces,

TENORI: But they, while their companions slept—

SOPRANI: Slept, slept—

While their companions slept—

BASSI: Were trampling on their rightful faces—

SOPRANI: Their rightful, frightful—

TENORI: Fri—i—ightful faces.

Words by Longfellow, from the poem *On a Distant Prospect of Sing-Sing*.

Rub

EXHIBITED at the University of Arkansas, one gathers from Auntie Times, is a fine collection of English brass-rubbings. O fragrant, long-forgotten memory of vanished summers!

You bought a sphere, the size of a cricket-ball, of hard black waxy substance called "heel-ball" from the cobbler and a roll of cartridge-paper from the stationer. You cycled, hot and dusty, to a nearby village church, and you rubbed over your medieval brass for exhausting hours on hands and knees in damp, dust, and solitude, producing eventually a greyish, scratchy, patchy result not in the least resembling the beautiful black illustration in the textbook. After two attempts you chucked it and went in for beer, fishing, and a Kodak. Today, viewing some superb Gothic brass like that of Prior Nelond at Cowfold, Sussex, we deem a decent *De Profundis* the better part. In Arkansas brass-rubbing probably seems a delicious exercise. In Arkansas . . .

Maiden ladies all over gold lockets seemed to excel at it. Today we suspect a racket. The actual heartbreaking toil was probably done at night by limp-moustached serfs in league with the Rector and in terror of being cut out of Aunt Edith's will.

Macabre

AMID the normal indelicacies of English rural life there often runs a thread of sinister fantasy far stranger than anything in Tourgueniev or Tchekhov, we thought, finding a booksy critic rapt in wonder at the oddness of Russian village life, as depicted by some of the Slav boys. For example:

A chap we know recently bought a cottage and five acres. At the end of his land, dividing it from a long garden owned by two old ladies, is a barbed-wire fence. Soon after his arrival he found this fence doubled and electrified. The old ladies lurk behind heavy brocade curtains, hoping to see him fry. His theory is that when at length he hangs on their wire, black and frizzled, the adjacent village (which contains several other nightmare characters, such as a cobbler with blazing blue eyes who has discovered the Secret of the Pyramids, a retired Major who stuffs owls and speaks only to the postman, a clergyman who lopes away on tip-toe when suddenly encountered, and a wild-haired menacing female figure on a bicycle, said to be "literary") will assemble for a boiled-dog feast. The two old ladies will then rush out and perform the Kloo-Kwallie Dance, of which it is written in the lodges of the Raven Nation of Oregon:

He danced the dread Kloo-Kwallie Dance
To tickle Itswoot the Bear. . . .

You don't know half that goes on in the Hick Belt, believe you us.



Anthony Hopking

"The Bunch of Keys," otherwise the four sons of the late Nelson Keys, who are making their first film together—*Dancing With Crime*—at the Southall Studios. They are Basil, first assistant, who was a Major in an Army Film Unit; John Paddy Carstairs, director, recently out of the R.N.V.R.; Roderick, personal assistant to the director, who is ex-R.A.F.; and Anthony Nelson, the associate producer, who started in films as a clapper boy in 1928. He served in an Army Film Unit as a parachutist

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

THE present shortage of beer in Britain was recently indicated by the following:—

An innkeeper, speaking over the telephone to the brewery, asked, "When am I going to get some more beer?" and received the reply, "You've had your quota for this week."

"Yes, I know," the innkeeper retorted, "but what about my customers?"

THE following is one of the many good stories Norman Long, the well-known entertainer and now a hotel proprietor, tells:

A puzzled young man was trying to think what he could send his fiancée for her twenty-fourth birthday in these difficult times. At last he hit on the idea of sending roses. He went to a florists' and asked them to send two dozen of the choicest roses they had got, and wrote a note to accompany them to say he could not think of a better idea than one rose for each year.

To his astonishment he got a furious letter by return of post, saying that his gift was an insult. So he sent back to the florists' to find out what they had done. The proprietor told him that as he was such a good customer, and knowing it was a birthday gift, he thought he would just put in an extra dozen roses.

IN a piece about a member of the Merchant Marine, an American paper reported: "Bartin is now on a honeymoon with his wife, the former Miss Jean Northrup. When he returns next week, he will be sent to the Marine Hospital until he has recovered from the shock of his experience."

ANOTHER statement that might have been better put was in a window in a department store in New Jersey that was filled with sporting goods and golf equipment featuring a display of sports socks for men. The sign beside them read: "A hole in one every time with Bamberger's Sports Six."

TWO friends were motoring home from a fishing trip and on a lonely country road they encountered engine trouble. They called at the nearest farmhouse and asked if they could possibly be allowed to stay the night. The farmer agreed, gave them a good meal and let them stay overnight. This farmer, by the way, had a beautiful daughter.

Six months later one of the friends received an ominous-looking legal document. A frown disappeared as he read it, and then he 'phoned his fishing companion.

"I say, Tom," he said, "did you by any chance spend a little time with that lovely farm-girl the night our car broke down?"

"Well—er—as a matter of fact I did," replied Tom sheepishly.

"And did you, by any chance, in a moment of Machiavellian cunning, give her my name and address?"

"Now, don't get upset about that," broke in Tom. "It was only a joke."

"Oh, I'm not a bit upset," his friend assured him. "I just thought you'd like to know I heard from her lawyers this morning. Her father died a month after and left her the farm and ten thousand, and she died last week and left me the farm and cash."

THIS one comes from the U.S.A.: William R. Webb, a famous Tennessee schoolmaster, was invited to speak at a conference at Pomona College on "The Place of Humanities in Education." The man who preceded him didn't think much of the humanities and emphasised the importance of practical education. "What we need is practical, down-to-earth courses," he said. "What I want my son to know how to do, for example, is to milk a cow."

"That is a very good idea," said Webb when his turn came. "A very good idea. I want my son to be able to milk a cow, but I'd also like him able to do some things that a calf can't do better."

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

ALL hunting Leicestershire, and particularly the Quorn side of it, was greatly shocked and grieved at the news of the fatal accident to Major W. P. Cantrell-Hubbersty, who was not only the personal friend of so many, but had done so much for the Quorn Hunt during the very difficult war period, and also during the interregnum after Sir Harold Nutting's retirement. Major Hubbersty was Master on behalf of the Committee, and during the earlier years of Sir Harold Nutting's Mastership (1930) Field Master and Hon. Secretary. The accident happened on the Charnwood Forest side of the Quorn Saturday country, where the walls are so poisonous, and, like so many another fatal happening, the cause was a simple one—a rabbit hole.

Of Major Hubbersty it can truly be said that he was an absolutely first-class man on a horse and in the wake of a pack of hounds. He had more than his fair share of bad falls, two broken legs, the last time early on in that famous Belvoir hunt from Clawson Thorns, and I happened to have seen it. It was a more or less harmless obstacle, a straggly hedge and a ditch. It was cruel hard luck, as shortly after this things really began to brighten up, and they ran hard till well past Muston Gorse. By a sad coincidence, Major Hubbersty's brother, who was then the Belvoir Secretary, was also killed out hunting.

"The Horseman's Year"

THE editor, Lieut.-Colonel W. E. Lyon, a former Master of the Atherstone, has very kindly sent me the first number of this beautifully-turned-out annual, published by those well-known patrons of sporting books, Messrs. Collins. Colonel Lyon, who, as so many know, has one of the most elegant seats on a horse, and knows his subject backwards, has also the gift of a graceful and talented pen, and my only regret where *The Horseman's Year* is concerned is that he has not written more of it himself. As, however, I am given to understand that he and the publishers are holding a council of war on the next number, this, no doubt, can be remedied. One of the most useful books Colonel Lyon ever wrote was *First-aid Hints For The Horse-owner*; but there have been many others.

In this annual are collected dissertations upon all sorts of subjects, and in the words of the publishers' introduction, they are written by "famous authorities on horsemanship." This is not strictly true, though at least three others in addition to his Grace the Duke of Beaufort and the editor can certainly claim this distinction. His Grace opens the attack with an article on "The Future of Fox-hunting,"

and as an M.F.H. of long standing and experience, and the best amateur huntsman in all England, the weight of authority is obvious. The Duke of Beaufort takes an optimistic view, though at the same time drawing attention to the expediences which the hardships of war have thrust upon us. The goodwill of the farmers is also referred to. Of this there has rarely been any doubt, since the average farmer enjoys a good hunt perhaps better than the next man; but like so many more of us who are compelled to pay the piper, he has no say at all as to what the tune is to be. If hunting can survive the balance of a five-years period of such austerity as even the war years failed to impose upon us, then, well; if not, then . . . !

The Turf

THE flat section in *The Horseman's Year* I find very flat, a dull *réchauffé* of all that we have read in the Press day in, day out; but the jumping section, written by Mr. J. L. Hislop, the well-known G.R., is very different, for it is alive, and contains not only well-informed comment, but one most valuable suggestion. After referring to the herds of horses started in the National that have no business there at all, and have no pretensions to staying 4½ miles, Mr. Hislop suggests the institution of a number of 4-mile steeplechases at appropriate courses, and an alteration in the present conditions of qualification to "first, second or third in a steeplechase of 4 miles" plus the existing enabling conditions of a performance over Aintree—a cachet second to none. I think this is a first-class idea. The capacity of a horse to get into the first three in a 3-mile contest is not a sufficient qualification for the Grand National.

I endorse Mr. Hislop's statement on the Irish invasion. Their horses came from a country that had had no war; and had been in constant practice at their very numerous jumping meetings. Ours had not only had precious little practice, but starvation rations on top of it all. Mr. Hislop rides yet another winner in this excellent article. There is a tremendous amount of space in *The Horseman's Year* devoted to show-jumping, and there are numerous pictures of the amazing aerobatics of the artistes.

The editor's advice about fat children and equitation surely goes for the fat and round-legged of all ages. I think he lets off the horsey pot-hunting child very lightly; for, however nice it is to go to horse-shows and collect rosettes, this is all against the right spirit; also a good many of us think that this trick-jumping does not teach people how to find their way over a natural country in the wake of a pack of hounds.

The Future of Polo

LIEUT.-COLONEL HUMPHREY GUINNESS, the Royal Scots Greys Regimental side, and All England, deals with this subject in *The Horseman's Year*. In spite of Polo G.H.Q. having been destroyed by those who dislike everyone not within their own milieu, and in spite of grounds being turned into potato patches—surely a quite unnecessary measure in view of the small contribution which they could make to the nation's food—in spite of Ranelagh and Roehampton being out of action; in spite of all the cavalry having been put on castors, Colonel Guinness does not take a gloomy view.

He believes that in some mechanised regiment, in some country club, or somewhere else, a little blade of grass may spring up and that a hayfield may follow. I wish I could think so, but with the subaltern of to-day far wiser about the inside of a motor than he is about the outside of a horse, I anticipate that it is not only the grooms who will be in short supply. In America and the Argentine polo is sure to go on, and Egypt, as Colonel Guinness suggests, is also a possibility; but here again the absence of the British cavalry must have an effect, for they were very largely responsible for keeping things going. The British Army is leaving Egypt, and that again must be a deterrent, since whether any local teams could hope to keep things going without the visitors is very problematical. If polo ceases in England, there will be no teams available to make a long journey to play in Egypt or anywhere else.

As to India and polo, I very much doubt, unless things change very radically. There are these fine teams fielded by the Indian princes, but after them what, now that the British Army is leaving India and no one is likely to stay there any longer than he can possibly avoid? The Indian Inter-regimental, of which the British and Indian cavalry were the mainstays, with an occasional infantry regiment, such as the Durhams or the Rifle Brigade, chipping in, is already dead as a herring. This goes for many other things, the Kadir Cup, for instance, and I should not care to lay odds on racing unless things alter very materially. "Recognition" (by the Jockey Club) seems to be the rock upon which it might founder.

Sabre-toche



D. R. Stuart

Merchiston Castle School Rugby XV.

They have been unbeaten this season against all the other Public Schools in Scotland, having defeated Fettes twice, Edinburgh Academy, Loretto, Glenalmond, Heriot's, Watson's College and the Royal High School. Sitting: J. K. Mearns, J. W. Donaldson, J. T. Nisbet, N. G. R. Mair (captain), C. Anderson, J. E. Aitchison, K. W. Paterson Brown. Standing: J. A. H. Aitken, A. Faunce, R. A. Mitchell, H. B. Knox, D. J. Marshall, J. H. Fotheringham. On ground: G. Fenton, D. A. Tod



The R.A.F. Coastal Command Team

This Rugby XV. drew against a very strong United Services Portsmouth XV. at Thorney Island recently. They have already beaten Devonport this year. Front row: F/Os. Tullett, Towell, Sgt. Webb, S/Ldr. Shannon, F/Lts. Shaw, Ridgeway, F/O. Webster. Standing: W/Cdr. McBratney, Corpl. Craven, F/O. Carver, F/Lt. Midwood, Wing Commander Cartridge (captain), F/Lt. King, S/Ldr. Holliday, F/Lt. Barton, F/Lt. Duncan, F/O. Symington



The First Hurdle at Sandown

Leaders of the field of twenty-two taking the first hurdle in the March Open Selling Handicap, the second race on the first day at Sandown Park. The winner, Weston Green, was not in the picture in the first flight, which was led by No. 24, Mr. Norman Hutchinson's Cedarwood, ridden by E. Young, which finished second. The going, as was to be expected in view of weather conditions of past weeks, was extremely heavy

Scoreboard



YES; the French are a logical nation. At the end of a recent Rugby International at Colombes a spectator, under the influence of defeat and a shot of *vin extraordinaire*, sought an interview with the referee. The spectator, a sound logician, had put two and two together;

he saw a home player about to score and, at the same moment, heard the referee blow his whistle for a scrum at the other end of the field. Clearly an enemy of *la Patrie*. Explanations must be demanded.

But, *au moment critique*, another logician stepped in, *viz.*, one of the largest of the very large French forwards. He, too, joined two to two; and, seizing the spectator in a grasp invincible, he shook him till the local advertisement for the renewal of false teeth changed from delicate suggestion to present necessity, then dispensed with him even as the Psalmist cast out his shoe over Edom. *L'Humanité*—as another grandstand advertisement remarked.

IN Paris, logic everywhere. The Government, informing themselves that prices are too high, order a 10 per cent. reduction. Obedient, the shops raise their prices 10 per cent. during the night and reduce them another 10 per cent. in readiness for their patrons in the morning.

Monsieur would like to change his pound note? He asks 800 francs?—Two weeks ago, a week ago, I could have done him. *Mais aujourd'hui*, only 600. It is the prices. I can sell him now for only 700. I have a *grand'mère* to keep. *Il faut vivre*.

Then there was the sport of being accompanied by a friend who fancied his French and was understood by no one. In the South, he said, where the speech is pure, they would take his meaning. It is the Gascon accent which is beyond the Parisians, whose language is little more than a debased patois.

But, when le Rugby match is at Colombes, we cannot entrain for the Pyrenees merely to become intelligible. Culture is much, but

geography is more. This friend also wears a monocle, for one eye is stronger than the other, and his head is of Teutonic shape. Lombroso would have diagnosed him as of an old and impossible East Prussian family. He drew upon us attentions unwelcome. In the Champs Élysées we were muttered at by two gendarmes. Then, in the Rue de Quelquechose, there was a shop called Mad Elliott. At this candour I laughed outright. What a name for a grocer in an English village—Mad Elliott.

In keeping with this atmosphere of lunacy, an old man on the pavement, with a beret and a half-length maternity surtout, was worrying away at a poodle. "*Qu'est ce que, donc?*" he said, over and over again. But the poodle didn't know; it just went on looking bald in places.

AT Colombes, night drew on. The crowd had effervesced away; already a memory of delight was the Welsh linesman with an enormous leek depending from his pocket. To-morrow, the Portuguese would be here, to dispute a game of Soccer and the contemporary value of the Escudo. At the telephone, we waited for a line to London. At the other end would be a despairing Sports Editor. At ours, the operatrice with her eternal curiosity—Monsieur desires Londres, l'Angleterre? Is he sure? Why does he wish to speak to l'Angleterre? What does he purpose to say? For *trois minutes*? *Ou neuf? ou quoi?* The line is, *engagé*, anyhow. *Lorsque quand?* The bon dieu, he knows.

OUT into the night. We seek for a taxi. We prefer death to walking. We speak to the driver of an auto. He is obscure to the eye, except for an afforestation on the cheeks. He is the spirit of garlic. He begins to give many reasons why he need not be mistaken for a taxi.

We recede beyond the range of ear and nose. My Germanic companion produces a 2-candle-power torch and consults his map the wrong way up. Someone spits on the pavement. I think of England and Saturday night. I long for home, and beauty, and someone to mend the hole in my sock.

R. R. Robertson Glasgow.



Hampstead Squash Rackets Club's unbeaten team. Clubs they have defeated include R.N. College, R.A.C., West London and H.A.C. Standing: T. G. N. Rowlands, G. Ralli, D. S. Smith. Sitting: B. W. Trapnell, P. J. Phillips (captain)



D. R. Stuart
Cambridge University Women's S.R. team which recently beat Oxford by five rubbers to one in the annual match. Standing: Keren Tyrrell and Bridget Jenkins (Newnham), Hilary Sears (Girton). Sitting: Maureen Millar (captain) and Elizabeth Poyser (Newnham)

The Smile of Victory



Keene's Mother



Lord Suffield



Model in Spanish Costume

Three examples of the artist's work from "Charles Keene" by Derek Hudson

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"English Popular and Traditional Art"

"Peabody's Mermaid"

"Dark Interlude"

"Cats Don't Need Coffins"

"**E**NGLISH POPULAR AND TRADITIONAL ART" is the somewhat top-heavy, even forbidding title of a delightful book—which is a recent addition to the "Britain in Pictures" Series (Collins; 5s. *od.*). The authors, Margaret Lambert and Enid Marx, define "popular art" as that which "ordinary people create for their own lives, by contrast to the 'fine arts' made for special patrons."

This rich, sturdy, racy, colourful vein of English self-expression has up to now, we may gather, not received from us the attention it deserves—other countries, including the United States, have been ahead of us in the appreciation and intelligent study of *their* popular arts. Certainly, years ago in America the vogue was already in full force; indeed, one could perceive some danger of cottage and farmhouse being altogether stripped of their heirloom ornaments by the sophisticated collector.

Here we had, up to the beginning of the war, a somewhat excessive import of "peasant art" from the more backward but still, at that time, cheerful European countries; gaily-painted carvings and gaudy earthenware bowls, etc., crammed gift-shop windows. Any indigenous "arts and crafts" were the handiwork of cultivated English ladies in overalls. That my own reaction to gift-shop "hand-thrown" pottery should be a wish to hand-throw it into the nearest pond, may be a limitation of my own taste. But at the root of the wish may lie something serious—an objection to contemporary handicrafts being divorced from the real, spontaneous, popular life of England.

Certainly, mass-production does do poor service to English taste—it misrepresents it, caters for it insultingly and looks like corrupting it altogether. When objects were fewer and harder to come by, they were better—more naive, solid, gay, comely, and pleasing to the fancy and the eye. They linked up with and they expressed the lives of the people who liked and bought them, into whose homes they went. Often they were the wares of the itinerant pedlar, playing from door to door.

The authors of this book confine themselves to the more modern manifestations of popular and traditional art: much has already been written about mediæval craftsmanship. The period covered is the late eighteenth century and earlier decades of the nineteenth. The first section, "Paper and Printing," deals with a fascinating variety. There were ballads and

broadsheets; the former often sung before being sold, the latter featuring sensational news items (the latest "horrible murder," and so on) and decorated with woodcuts which, if a trifle crude, were animated enough to tell the story in case the purchaser could not read.

"Gallows Literature" was in steady demand; but, though sensationalism bulked large, the Running Stationer's stock was by no means of that only. Dialogues, humorous, elevating or satirical; political squibs; moral tracts, and so on—all these sold as fast as they could be printed. Victories were commemorated in this manner. One of the last historic events to be recorded in broadside chronicles was Queen Victoria's marriage to Prince Albert in 1840. Chapbooks, for the children, flourished from the mid-seventeenth century on. Most lucky, however, must have been those children of the days of the Juvenile Drama, or Toy Theatre—a "Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured."

If you bought a Juvenile Drama complete . . . it would consist of a little book of words, stage directions and instructions; a given number of sheets of scenery—backcloths and wings; a smaller number of sheets of characters; and, in the case of pantomime, a sheet or two of tricks. These sheets would be pictures in outline, either plain for colouring yourself, or, for an extra penny, hand-coloured by professionals with a verve and brilliance the amateur could hardly hope to emulate. These sheets, to be mounted on cardboard and cut out according to directions, were meant for use on the little wooden-frame stages which, complete with gaily coloured proscenium, a real drop curtain and tin holders for footlights, could be bought for about a pound. The stage once set, the characters (in different attitudes according to the action of the plot) were slid off and on from the wings as directed in the book of words.

Tinsel pictures were at their heyday in 1830: you bought your picture (usually sentimental or heroic in subject) and, with it, packages of tinsel cut-outs—glittering stars, spangles, helmets, plumes, daggers, etc.—to stick on them. Results were, to judge by some of the illustrations, enchanting. Tinsel-work lent itself,



"**Lady Reading A Book**," another picture from *Charles Keene* (Pleiades Books; 18s.). Friend of the Pre-Raphaelites and described by Whistler as the greatest English artist since Hogarth, Keene is now chiefly remembered as a cartoonist. How great an injustice is thereby done him is clear from Derek Hudson's thoughtful, well-documented and finely illustrated study

naturally, to the Valentine; from which derived the first notion of Christmas-cards.

The authors have much to tell us on the subject of both, and have had reproduced for us, in colour and black-and-white, delightful examples. (You should admire the kilted Cupid.) Pin-prick pictures and "shadow profiles" (or silhouettes) were an excellent outlet for skill and fancy: the former must have demanded tireless eyesight.

IN the second section, "Pottery and Glass," we cover less unfamiliar ground. Jugs, mugs and cottage chimney-piece ornaments have by now invaded the antique shops and found their way to most of our country homes. Here, however, the authors do good service in supplying background to objects we may already possess or know by sight. They give examples of Devonshire harvest pottery, which was in many cases adorned by verses. Attention is drawn to lustre text-plaques, from Sunderland; and to a charming glass rolling-pin, inscribed "Forget me Not," which was a sailor's love token. Under "Painting, Carving and Metalwork" we deal with inn and shop signs, ship figureheads and weathercocks. Here, too, we have an encouraging reminder of two forms of popular art which *do* still survive—barge-painting and the roundabouts of the fairground. Personally, I have a passion for merry-go-rounds: I prefer them static and, ideally, on the eve of the fair. Baroque and brilliant, studded with wooden gems, adorned with tigers, cupids, negroes, garlands, castles, sunsets, waterfalls and lagoons, they repay being walked around several times, slowly. And as for the horses, with their sardonic prance—!

"Textiles," as a section, shows us a printed pictorial cotton handkerchief commemorating the Great Exhibition; but otherwise deals largely with needlework—quilting, smocking, patchwork. These are, as arts, being—one is thankful to know—revived. In all three, the popular instinct for design, and, in the case of patchwork, native feeling for colour, comes out strongly. . . . Unclassifiable activities such as tattooing, toy-making, thatching, straw-plaiting and bone-carving have a section, at the end, to themselves. *English Popular and Traditional Art* is a stirring book to read these days: it is an assessment of, and a tribute to, the untutored, vigorous genius of the English.

"PEABODY'S MERMAID" (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.) is, as its engaging title suggests,

the tale of one Peabody who becomes involved with a mermaid. The idea is bold, simple and works out well—we have, in Guy and Constance Jones, a case of successful joint authorship. This novel of theirs is, in spite of its modern elliptic crispness, decidedly in the tradition of F. Anstey—that great (I think) late Victorian who, in *Vice Versa*, *The Brass Bottle*, and other works, mingled the impossible with the likely. Given, that is to say, a preposterous, even supernatural happening or series of events, the everyday characters in the story behave true to type.

So it is in *Peabody's Mermaid*. The Peabodys, a blameless American couple, whose married life has been for eighteen years without a cloud, arrive to spend the winter months on the British island of St. Hilda's, somewhere in the Caribbean. They have taken furnished the Villa Marina, whose owner is a globe-trotting but none the less house-proud English lady.

Lady Potts, leader of British society on the island, calls: everything promises well. Unhappily, Peabody, who is recovering from an illness, does not (as his wife Polly tells him) seem to be quite himself: appalled by the crowded social programme ahead and attracted by the small empty islet, Cay Oro, which is to

BOWEN ON BOOKS

be seen glowing on the horizon, he spends days out alone, sea-fishing.

From somewhere on Cay Oro comes an enchanted, enchanting singing voice; on a lip of rock is discovered a golden comb.

To what is to prove his infinite joy and embarrassment, Peabody lands the mermaid; and, in default of anything else to do with her, smuggles her home and places her in his wife's bath. This adorable creature—elusive, speechless but totally understanding—he christens Min. That Polly shall meet Min, and also learn to love her, is to be hoped: Peabody is nothing if not blameless. However, all sorts of unforeseen complications arise—not least of which being Peabody's efforts to purchase, at the St. Hilda's lingerie shop, appropriate wear for Min's upper half—for the mermaid, though charmingly full-grown, is only half human adult size. She is, also, temperamental—she sometimes bites, and refuses to co-operate by dressing. The coloured servants walk out; the dog howls all night; and Polly, who does not believe in mermaids but suddenly thinks the worst of her husband's morals, takes umbrage, packs a suitcase and leaves the island. Scandal buzzes; the press becomes active; Lady Potts begins to feel strongly, and Government House can no longer ignore the matter.

Meanwhile Peabody, counting the world well lost, is happy as he has never been: this is the idyll of a fifty-year-old. Comedy and a magical oblique tenderness both run through this unusual story. Min herself I consider infatigable—her damp little arms, her companionableness, her sympathetic silence (when not in song) and her manner of sleeping curled up like an anchovy should win all hearts.

THE action of the Peter Cheyney "Dark" books is, remark his publishers, always time-fused to go off on the day of publication. One would almost think Mr. Cheyney had second

sight. *Dark Interlude* (Collins; 8s. 6d.) is certainly up-to-date: it deals with the activities of Nazi post-war secret societies. Quayle, working from London, and his agent O'Mara, working in Brittany, are up against the indefatigable, ruthless, and so far unlocatable Rozanski. It is part of the plan that O'Mara, who is disguised as a garage hand, should disarm suspicion by drinking himself silly—this remarkable creature therefore proceeds to function in the grip of a non-stop hangover. He is aided by the

smashingly beautiful Tanga de Serieux, who changes her dresses and make-up even more often than it is necessary for her to change her plans. From the plot you should never remove your eye: it is complicated (as every character in it is pretending to be something he or she is not) and moves with extreme rapidity. The blend of glamour and tortures did sometimes make me blink—but this is a fine, ripe Cheyney, not to be—and not, I imagine, likely to be—missed.

"CATS DON'T NEED COFFINS," by D. B. Olsen (Francis Aldor; 8s. 6d.), attracted me by its bizarre name. It is a New York Crime Club prize-winner; and, as such, an exotic. A Dresden-china-type maiden lady, Miss Rachel Murdoch, persistently criticised by her sister, Miss Jennifer, investigates crime in the drearily opulent Californian hill-top house of her cousin Miriam. Miriam is a land-grabber, who comes to a bad end. There is the blood-curdling theme of a bleeding doll which, illuminated by an uncanny glow, peers in at upstairs windows at midnight. The only cat in the story survives, I am glad to say. This book is not merely sensational; it is quite soundly clever.



The Duke and Duchess of Rutland with their daughter, Charlotte Louisa, after the christening in the Chapel of Belvoir Castle



Capt. and Mrs. Michael Pollen with their son, John Hungerford Pollen, who was christened at Brompton Oratory



C/Capt. F. W. P. Dixon, M.B.E., F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Dixon with David Peter Dixon after his christening at St. Thomas's R.C. Church, S.W.

CHRISTENINGS

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Sleight—Dale

Mr. Peter Sleight, son of Mrs. N. Sleight, and of the late Mr. N. Sleight, of Eastwood Avenue, Grimsby, and grandson of the late Sir G. F. Sleight, Bt., married Miss Joyce Elizabeth Dale, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Dale, of Wold Newton, Binbrook, Lincolnshire, at Grimsby.



Reid Dick—Manning

Princess Marie Louise attended the marriage of Miss Marie Guhelma Barbara Manning (goddaughter of Her Highness), eldest daughter of the late Brig-General Sir William Manning and of Lady Manning, to Major John Francis Reid Dick, only son of Sir William and Lady Reid Dick, which took place at the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court Palace



Osborn—Circuitt

Mr. Harold J. L. Osborn, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Osborn, of Westbrooke, Welling, Kent, married Miss Pamela June Circuitt, daughter of Mr. A. J. L. Circuitt, and of Mrs. P. H. Hansen, of 146, Oakwood Court, London, W.14, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Sherston-Baker—Barham

Major Peter Sherston-Baker, M.C., Royal Artillery, son of the late Mr. J. D. Sherston-Baker, of Bombay, and of Mrs. J. Sherston-Baker, of Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland, married Miss Elizabeth Barham, younger daughter of the late Mr. W. H. Barham, and of Mrs. Barham, of Tunbridge Wells, in London



Johnston—de Courcy Lys

Major S. Houston Johnston, the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Johnston, of Leeds, married Miss Therise de Courcy Lys, daughter of Captain and Mrs. de Courcy Lys, of Brooklands, Missouri, in India



Dakeyne—Wall

Mr. John Barrington Dakeyne, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. N. Dakeyne, of Budleigh Salterton, Devon, married Miss Patricia Wall, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Wall, of Parbold, Wigan



Simons—Mustard

Major John Francis Weston Simons, M.C., King's Royal Irish Hussars, son of Mrs. E. A. Simons, of Orchard Road, Eastbourne, married Miss Nancy C. F. Mustard, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Mustard, of 24, Brechin Place, S.W.7

THE RETURN OF THE CRAFTSMAN

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BLOUSES WITH A DIFFERENCE

Fashion Page
by
Winifred Lewis

Suits call for the personal signature of a good blouse. Top news of the Suit Season is that Pringle of Scotland have now added washability to those other distinguishing features of design and tailoring which have made their blouses so much sought after. In our pictures, Anne Crawford, star of Walter Forde's new film, *The Crowthers of Bankdam*, wears four outstanding models from this collection. Each is available in a range of pastel colours

Photographs by
Peter Clark



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"Dubarry." Perfect for classic suits, buttoned on either shoulder, with front fullness controlled by deep flat pleats. Washable. At Copeland and Lye, Glasgow



"Mona Lisa." Washable crêpe with interesting yoke detail and finely stitched panels on a double-breasted front. At Harvey Nichols

"Lamour." Cocktail blouse with intricate neck and front draping, cap sleeves and underarm fastening. Washable crêpe. At Derry and Toms



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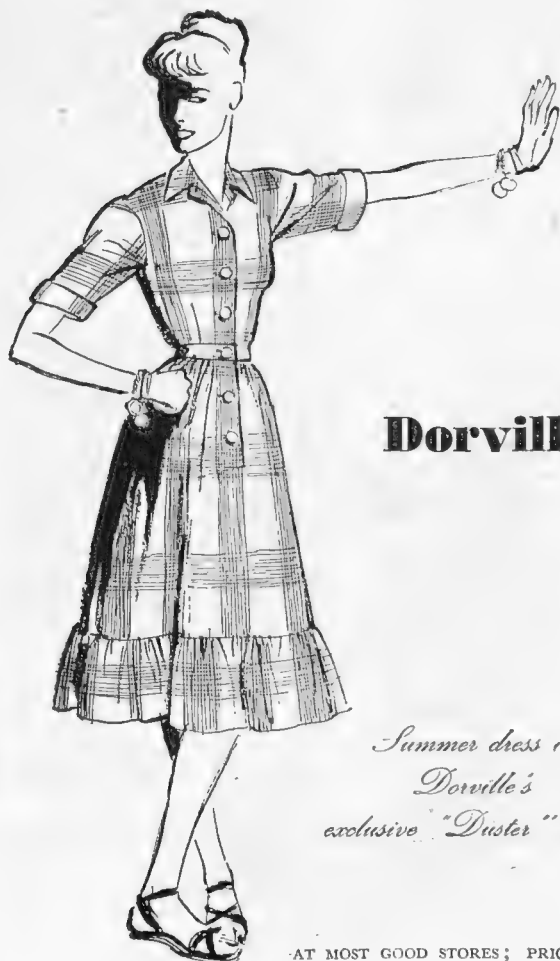
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Bassano

The Hon. Noreen Long, only daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Long of Wraxall, Steeple Ashton Manor, Trowbridge, Wilts, who is to marry Captain John Cairns Bartholomew, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Bartholomew, of Rowde Court, Devizes



Yvonne

Miss Valerie Tempest, who is engaged to Captain Peter R. Cheston, Northamptonshire Regiment, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cheston, The Limes, Kenton, Middlesex. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Piers Tempest, of Eastcote, Middlesex



Pearl Freeman

Miss Jean Mary Walker, only daughter of Mr. H. L. Walker of 105 Ember Lane, Esher, Surrey, is to be married in July to Mr. John Gent, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Gent, of Strawberry Hole, Northiam, Sussex



Miss Bridget Crook, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Crook, of 102 Stafford Court, W.8, who is to be married this month to the Hon. John Scarlet, second son of the late Lord Abinger and of Lady Abinger of 40 Draycott Place, S.W.



Harlip

Major the Earl of Rocksavage and Miss Lavinia Leslie. Lord Rocksavage is the elder son and heir of the Marquess of Cholmondeley and of the Marchioness of Cholmondeley. He is engaged to Miss Lavinia Leslie, daughter of Col. and Mrs. John Leslie of Brancaster, King's Lynn, Norfolk. Lord Rocksavage's father's Norfolk home is Houghton Hall, King's Lynn



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Oliver Stowaway on FLYING

I BELIEVE it was Stout, the American aircraft maker, who originated the crazy-sounding but soundly true injunction to aircraft designers, "simplify and add more lightness." Yet I am afraid that the whole tendency of design has been to "complicate and subtract more lightness."

In short we move steadily towards heavier and more complicated aircraft. Look for instance at the Bristol Theseus propjet. It is a beautiful piece of work and it deserves full credit for being the first to obtain, in this country, a type test certificate. But it is enormously more complicated than an ordinary turbojet.

In fact comparison between a turbojet and a propjet is like comparison between a penny whistle and a cathedral organ. A turbojet is essentially a couple of wheels on the same shaft set in a bit of tubing. A propjet may have several wheels, gear trains and quite a lot of the paraphernalia we have come to associate with ordinary piston engines.

Cut the Costs

THE reason the big engine companies have thought fit to spend small fortunes in developing propjets is concerned with economy. At present, that is to say with present typical commercial aircraft designs, the propjet shows superiority in fuel consumption.

That is why it has been selected for the Hermes V. With four propjets this aircraft should have a respectable speed and a big range. With turbojets it might have a higher top speed, but its range would be much less. It would cost more in fuel per passenger, per kilometre.

Nevertheless, thinking of Bill Stout's phrase, "simplify and add more lightness," I feel some doubt about the future of the propjet. I suspect it of being an interim power unit to permit the use of aircraft designed for medium speeds. If the aircraft designers would take the plunge into the really high speeds, then I doubt if there would be much need for the propjet.



F/Lt. A. D. Beales helps his bride, Sister Molly Brewster of the Princess Mary's R.A.F. Nursing Service, to cut their wedding cake with a captured Japanese sword after their marriage at H.Q. British Commonwealth Air Group, Japan

After all the Royal Air Force found a huge saving in maintenance work as a consequence of fitting turbojets. The Meteor squadrons showed quite astonishing savings in man-hours of maintenance. That would not apply with propjets, which would need more maintenance than turbojets and might need as much as piston engine airscrew combinations. After all, the aircrew is still there.

Flying Boat Figures

ALTHOUGH I have asked more than once for them, British Overseas Airways will not give me any figures of importance relating to their operation of flying boats. I have had plenty of platitudes in reply to my inquiries, but no hard facts.

It is most difficult to understand this anti-flying boat attitude on the part of a corporation which has been served so well by flying boats in the past. And of course the danger is that, having a monopoly, the corporation can wreck British flying boat work. If it persists in saying no to all flying boat projects, manufacturers here must in the end abandon flying boats.

Yet they are the kind of aircraft in which Britain gained an indisputable design lead. The Empire boats were one of the really great aeronautical design achievements, recognized as such by all the world. Why on earth we are so anxious to throw away that advantage I cannot see.

The Passenger is Always Wrong

AIR passengers have shown a preference for flying boats. They believe them to be safer than comparable land planes and I think they are right. Flying boats, in my view, are safer. And they find them more comfortable. They like being able to get up and walk about.

But it seems that, in nationalized air transport, the passenger is always wrong. At any rate I have seen no sign that his wishes are being met. Instead he is being made to take the land plane.

Repeatedly, in these columns, I have praised the work of the corporations in their treatment of air passengers during journeys. They have established high standards in this respect. Why, then, do they fail to note the passenger's basic preference in the matter of long-range transport machines?

And if one were to make play with that smug, stupid, over-worked and ill-applied phrase "the national interest," then one could bring serious charges against the corporations. For it cannot be in the national interest to sacrifice a form of aircraft construction in which we have proved ourselves pre-eminent. It is rather like nationalized Swiss companies refusing to use watches.

It is a pity that there is not more scope for the flying boat on the South Atlantic for the British South American Airways Corporation, largely as a result of the strong personality, and vast experience of D. C. T. Bennett, is the most go-ahead of the three. It has been losing less money than the other two and doing more useful work.

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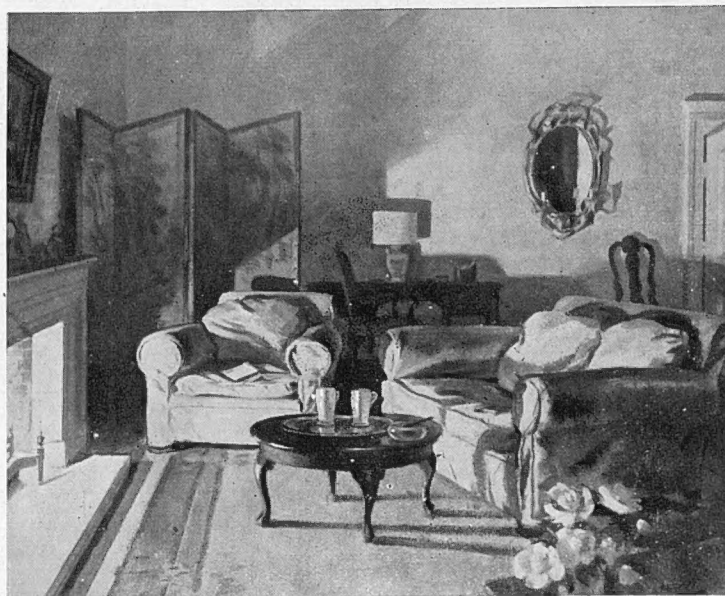


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A SEAT BY THE FIRE

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Two people whose energy has been sapped by the work and worry of the day... people who need the promise of deep sleep tonight and fresh vigour tomorrow... a promise most surely contained in those two glasses of Horlicks standing ready on the table.

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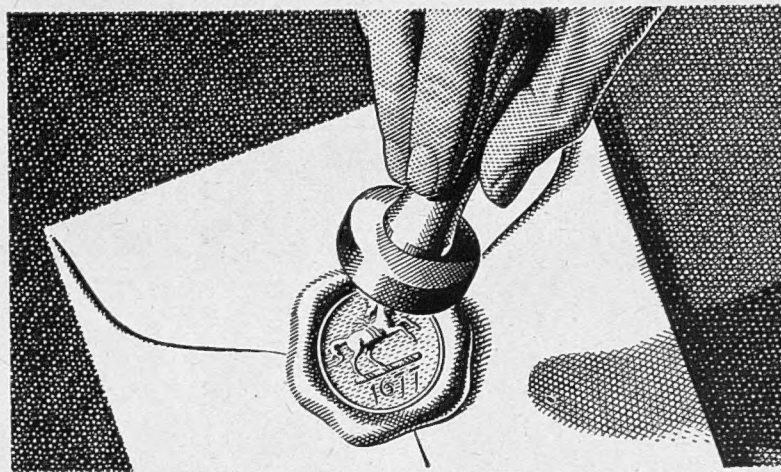
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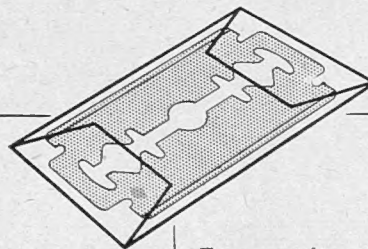
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OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS
Minehead Hobby Horse



The ancient custom of the Minehead Hobby Horse—or Sailors Horse, as it is also known—seems certainly to have originated among the sea-going fraternity of the little Somersetshire port. Every May Day Eve and right through May Day a company of six men parade through the Minehead streets. One of them, usually the youngest and most active, goes bedecked in a pasteboard horse gaily decorated with fabric and ribbons. At one time the horse carried a ladle in its mouth to collect money. This is not always observed to-day. The horse, however, still flaunts his long tail with which to chastise delinquents and non-payers as the group, accompanied by an accordionist playing a traditional air, proceeds through the town.

